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ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 726.—VOL. XXVIII.

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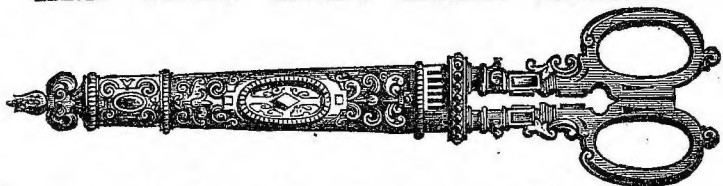
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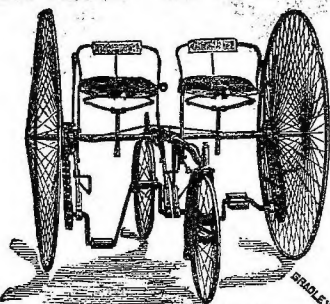
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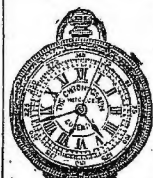
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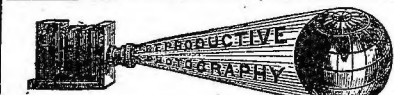
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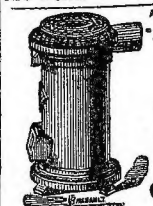
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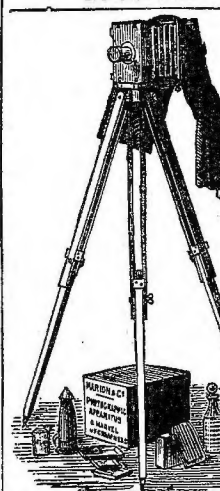
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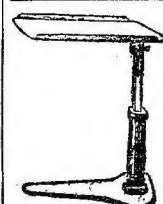
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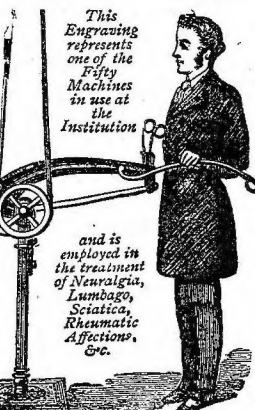
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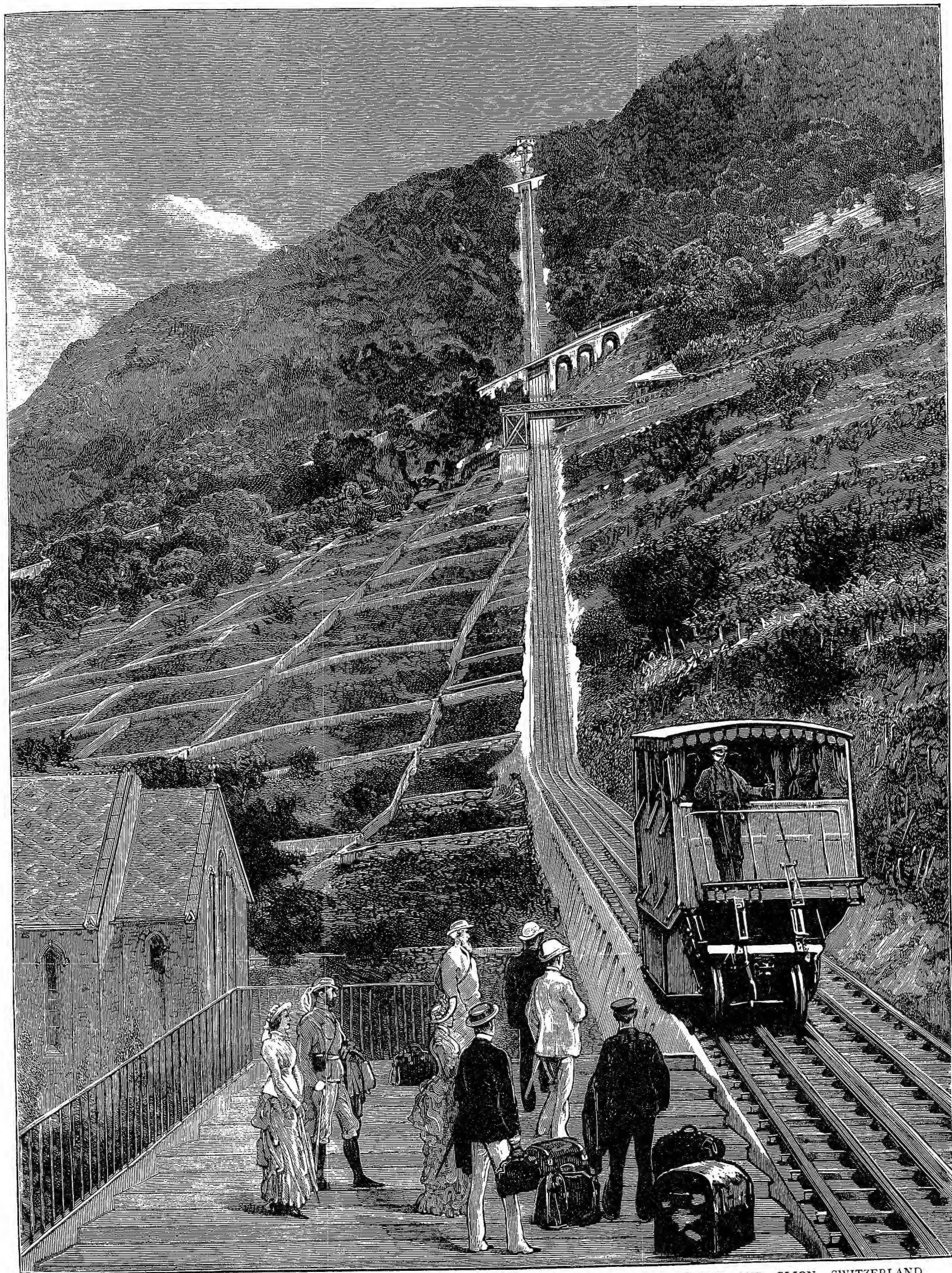
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 726.—VOL. XXVIII.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1883

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THE STEEPEST RAILWAY IN THE WORLD—THE NEW MOUNTAIN LINE BETWEEN MONTREUX AND GLION, SWITZERLAND

Topics of the Week

MINISTERS AND THEIR WORK.—The next Session of Parliament is still a long way off, but the first Cabinet meeting of the recess has already been held, and Ministers are apparently making ready for a period of great political activity. It must be admitted that they have not yet succeeded in accomplishing much of the work which they hoped to do when they unexpectedly found themselves at the head of a splendid majority. The fault has not, however, been altogether theirs. Nobody could have foreseen that Ireland would occupy so prominent a place in the deliberations of Parliament; and it was certainly not expected that Mr. Gladstone, of all Ministers, would have to cut with the sword a most complicated and troublesome knot in Egypt. The Conservatives seem to have convinced themselves that the failure of the Government with regard to many of its pledges has seriously damaged it in the country; but there is no obvious indication that Mr. Gladstone has lost much of his influence. Extreme Radicals may be a little dissatisfied, and there may be some discontent among the Whigs; but the Liberal party as a whole appears to be as loyal to its chief as it ever was. Mr. Gladstone ought not, therefore, to have very great difficulty in getting more solid work out of the present Parliament during the next two Sessions than he has contrived to get out of it hitherto. Whether a Franchise Bill will be submitted to it in 1884, and, if so, whether the Franchise Bill will be accompanied by a Redistribution Bill, Ministers themselves will probably not be able to decide for some time; but, however this may be, the Government will be expected to do much more than merely endeavour to settle the question of Parliamentary reform. The vast subject of local administration in the counties may have to be postponed; but if the municipal system of London must be placed on a new basis, there seems to be no good reason why the work should not be undertaken as soon as Parliament reassembles. A good many Bills of minor importance should also be disposed of—among others, the Criminal Appeal Bill and measures for the development of the educational systems of Scotland and Wales.

SHALL WE WITHDRAW FROM EGYPT?—It seems to be generally expected that the Prime Minister will make some specific declaration on this subject at the forthcoming Lord Mayor's Banquet. Meanwhile we commend to the attention of our readers Mr. Royle's letter in Tuesday's *Times*. Mr. Royle says exactly what nearly every sensible person thinks who is either practically acquainted with Egypt, or has carefully followed the course of events there. Egypt is not as yet in a condition to be left to her own devices. Of course, it is possible that, in order to soothe the jealous susceptibilities of the French, and to tranquillise the tender consciences of some of his Radical supporters, the Premier may devise a plan by which he will appear to withdraw without actually withdrawing. He may call home all the British soldiers except a single corporal's guard, giving the Khédive to understand that that corporal's guard represents England, and that if a hair of those men's heads is touched, we shall reoccupy the country. Nor would it be necessary for such an arrangement as this to leave even a corporal's guard. Sir Evelyn Wood individually would suffice. But any one can see that such devices as these would not constitute a genuine withdrawal. They would satisfy neither the French nor the Radicals, and we think we should be doing Mr. Gladstone an injustice if we imagined that he would sanction such an anomalous arrangement. No; if we withdraw at all, we must really go; we must not regard Sir Evelyn Wood as the symbol of British sovereignty, but must let Tewfik and his people get on together as best they can. Now, is there any man deserving the name of statesman who can honestly recommend this course? Egypt is an exceptional country, and needs exceptional management. It is all very well to assert that we should go away and never interfere with the Egyptians again. Circumstances might arise which would compel our interference. There is the Canal, and there is a large European population. Now, supposing that these Europeans were in danger of massacre, what should we do? Even if our conscientiousness and anxiety to avoid annoying the French were to forbid our sending troops to Egypt, are we so silly as to imagine that other nations would be equally scrupulous? If their compatriots were in danger, would not the Germans or the Italians step in, and, having once stepped in, would they step out again? The result of our over-scrupulosity would be that we should have handed over Egypt to some foreign Power, and, in case of war with that Power, have blocked up our shortest road to India and Australia. The conclusion is that for the present our troops had better be retained in Egypt. We are no advocates for annexation. The time may come when we can safely leave, but it has not come yet.

CITY CHURCHES.—Another City church has been closed: warehouses are to be erected on its site, and with the funds obtained by a sale of the site another church is to be built elsewhere. At first view all this seems proper enough; but we cannot help wondering whether in a few years' time there will not suddenly arise a cry that there are not churches enough in the City for the requirements of the inhabitants. It is

generally assumed that the City will remain a place for business offices only, but already there are signs that this will soon cease to be the case. As fast as a three-storeyed house in the City gets pulled down, one of five or six floors is built in its stead, and as the upper flats in these tall houses are seldom considered eligible for offices, clerks take them as private apartments. The resident population in the City and its neighbourhood is steadily on the increase. London has expanded so enormously that clerks are beginning to find it difficult to select a suburb which satisfies the old requirements of being near the country and yet within easy distance from the City. Dalston and Brixton, Stratford and Kensington, at the four points of the compass, have become forests of brick; the clerks who live in them get no taste of country air, and they are obliged to spend an hour or two every day in railway carriages, going to business and returning. A consideration of these circumstances has induced a number of prudent young men to take up their abodes either within the City, or as near it as possible, and one can already foresee the time when the Goswell, City, and Whitechapel Roads, the streets about Holborn and those of the Surrey side of Blackfriars Bridge being crowded with tall houses, a want will once more be felt for City churches. If we continue to improve away existing churches at the present rate, the next generation will have heavy sums to pay in buying back land to erect new ones.

FRANCE AND HER MINISTERS.—It has often been remarked that Englishmen take much deeper interest in the political life of France than in that of any other country. Frenchmen are very willing to regard this fact as a tribute to the inherent superiority of their "ideas;" but in reality it is due chiefly to the element of uncertainty which has always attended French politics since the time of the first Revolution. The condition of Germany, Austria, and Italy is comparatively stable; and for some years even Spain has not been seriously disturbed by political agitation. France, on the contrary, seems to be at all times on the eve of important changes. Ministries succeed each other with extraordinary rapidity; and behind the difficulties of the hour there is usually a dread lest by some unforeseen complication the existing form of Government should be endangered. At the present moment it can scarcely be said that the latter peril appears imminent. Imperialism is, or appears to be, practically dead; and Royalists admit that the dominant sentiment of the country is favourable to Republicanism. As to the fate of the Ministry which is actually in office, however, there is much room for speculation. M. Ferry has appealed to moderate politicians, but as yet nobody knows how far his moderation is likely to go, or whether the opponents of extreme politicians will take the trouble to give energetic support either to him or to any other statesman. On the whole, if he can overcome the difficulties in which his foreign policy has involved France, the chances are in his favour; not because he excites enthusiasm, but because he has no very formidable rival. M. de Freycinet is not resolute enough to command a majority, and M. Clémenceau would, perhaps, be rather too resolute for the present Chamber. Obviously, however, M. Ferry must contrive somehow to put an end to the troubles which have arisen in connection with Tonkin and Madagascar. The country is not in an adventurous mood, and it is almost certain that if peace is not soon assured, he and his Cabinet will be speedily overthrown.

"OUTCAST LONDON."—The interest aroused by the publication of a pamphlet entitled "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London" will, it is to be hoped, produce some permanent benefit. It is a terrible reflection on our so-called "progress" to remember that, in spite of all the improvements and discoveries of the last hundred years, a large percentage of our town populations are in as degraded and hopeless a condition as they were, let us say, in the days of Hogarth. In the middle of the eighteenth century, moreover, there was practically only one great city, that is, London, whereas now there are a dozen towns where the human residuum is so multitudinous that local energy and benevolence cannot cope with it. Then comes the question, Is it possible to strive successfully against this gigantic evil and scandal? If it were merely a matter of building improved dwellings, as some of the correspondents of the *Pall Mall Gazette* appear to imagine, the remedy would assuredly be applied. It would chiefly be a question of cost; in a rich country like this the money could easily be raised; and the Government would be undeserving to hold office for another day if it did not at once gird up its loins to the task. Why, then, this apathy concerning such a pressing need? The answer is that those persons who have most carefully studied this sorrowful subject will admit that, among those persons who have written about it to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "General" Booth strikes the truest and the clearest note. "The root of the difficulty," he says, "is not material, but moral." It is not so much the wretched dwellings which make the degraded people, as the degraded people who make the wretched dwellings. In a mighty city like London, to say nothing of the tide of misery always pouring in from the provinces, there is constantly a multitude of persons who, from the improvidence, the misfortune, or the vices of themselves or of others, are either sinking or sunken. No matter where such people live, there will in that place be habitations of filth and misery. If, by some strange accident, it became imperative that the worst rookeries of London should become the dwelling-places of

the élite of the London working classes, the sober, steady, industrious, God-fearing people, these squalid dens would presently assume so smiling an aspect that we should no longer call them dens. On the other hand, if the palatial mansions of the West End were handed over to the "Sunken Sixth," as some one once called the degraded part of the London population, overcrowding, neglect, dirt, and misery would soon make themselves visible. But do not let our readers suppose from the above that we are satisfied with the present house accommodation for London working people; on the contrary, we think it most defective. The landlords of "poor" property are far too tenderly treated. Very scant compensation should be awarded them for houses which are authoritatively pronounced to be unfit to live in, and then demolition and rebuilding would advance far more rapidly than now. Nevertheless, these material reforms will not cure the moral taint, and it is this which is the main cause of the mischief.

INTERNATIONAL POSTAGE STAMPS.—The proposal mooted in the *Times* for the creation of a $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ postage stamp common to all countries within the Postal Union is a good one, though not new. The Postal authorities in all countries have for years had this matter under their consideration; but the public convenience has always had to give way to the same sort of departmental routine as prevents us from buying halfpenny postcards simply for the price marked on them. The production of a postcard does not cost Government one halfpenny—not even a farthing; but the Post Office feels bound to account to the Treasury, as if it were some foreign Power, for every halfpenny stamp as for a halfpenny in money. An international stamp would, however, be such a useful thing that its adoption can only be a question of time. We want universal stamps for small remittances, for prepaying answers to letters, &c.; and there would seem to be no good reason why the issue of such stamps should be limited, as proposed, to those of $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ value. A penny stamp would be desirable if our Government could see its way to accepting ten centimes as the foreign equivalent of a penny. Meanwhile, as a complaint has been started against the condition of the horses used in some of the Parcel Post vans, it would be satisfactory to the public to learn that Mr. Fawcett's spirited administration is going to be marked by a departure from some of the old ways of "starving the service." Routine in the matter of stamps may be unavoidable for the present, and it may be necessary that the Post Office should continue to be regarded with fond eyes by the Chancellor of the Exchequer as the chief money-making department; but, even from the financial point of view, to say nothing of humanity, it is unadvisable to make contracts at rates so low that the carriers are unable to furnish horses in proper condition.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE IN WALES.—Sir Stafford Northcote deserves much credit for the energy with which he has been lately discharging his duty as one of the Leaders of the Opposition. No sooner had his labours in Ulster come to an end than he began a fresh "campaign" in Wales, and in his speeches at Carnarvon and Bangor he gave no sign of being tired of this kind of work. It may be doubted, however, whether he has been quite as successful in Wales as he appears to have been in the North of Ireland. He frankly recognised the fact that Liberalism is the creed of the vast majority of Welshmen, and it cannot be said that he advanced any very urgent reason why they should change their political allegiance. As Mr. Gibson recently warned the Scotch, so Sir Stafford Northcote warned the Welsh, that the Constitution is in danger; but the Welsh, like the Scotch, do not seem to think that there is much ground for this alarm. True, Dr. Pankhurst posed the other day as a rather revolutionary politician, and Mr. Chamberlain indulges occasionally in dark hints as to what he and his friends may by-and-by attempt to do; but Dr. Pankhurst's light was speedily quenched, and Mr. Chamberlain, however powerful he may be, does not represent the whole Liberal party. The political questions in which the Welsh are most interested are, perhaps, those relating to Disestablishment, and about this controversy Sir Stafford Northcote had nothing better to say than that, if the Church of England were disendowed, the funds for the support of religion would be more limited than they are now. He ought not, however, to have contented himself with a bare statement to this effect, for, whether rightly or wrongly, what Nonconformists maintain is that voluntary effort would do far more for religion than can ever be done by the aid of the State. Regarding other matters in dispute, Sir Stafford Northcote adopted, as usual, a cautious and moderate tone, but he gave no hint of any great scheme of policy which, if returned to office, he and his friends would endeavour to execute. This is the real source of the weakness of the Conservatives. They pledge themselves only to maintain things as they are, and that is not a promise about which "the masses" can be expected to become very enthusiastic.

ORANGE v. GREEN.—We have often pointed out in these columns that even if the people of this island were with one mind resolved to grant Home Rule or Independence to Ireland, the boon would be a cruel boon, and would almost certainly result in civil war. Lord Rossmore's characteristic letter, in which he shows how difficult it was to keep the Orangemen from storming the hill at Rossica on

which the Parnellite meeting was being held, brings this fact into prominence. In an Irish Parliament, the Parnellites would undoubtedly form the majority, but the men of Ulster would never endure their dictation, and, as they would be secretly, if not openly, abetted by the propertied classes, Roman Catholics as well as Protestants, in the other three provinces, they would, if defeated in the division-lobby, resort to arms. The Nationalist organs in Ireland, and even some of the English Liberal papers, are very angry with the Orangemen for, as they allege, reviving dead or dying animosities. It must be admitted that Lord Rossmore's address, which Mr. Sheil calls "an incendiary placard," was decidedly of a coat-trailing character, but was he the actual aggressor? Were not the Parnellites rather the real stirrers-up of strife, inasmuch as they invaded a peaceable country where only a small minority of the people sympathised with them? It is even doubtful whether police protection ought to have been accorded to them. If Lord Rossmore and his Orangemen were to propose a missionary raid into Mayo or Tipperary, would the Government guarantee them against broken heads? We trow not. In good truth, the real crime of the Ulstermen in English Radical eyes is that they took occasion by Sir Stafford Northcote's visit to show that they were not merely loyalists but Conservatives. Nevertheless, we think that patriotic Englishmen, whatever their politics, ought to sympathise with the Orangemen rather than with the Parnellites, who, though they may not "go the whole hog" like Moonlighters, Fenians, and Dynamitards, yet have a way of expressing their disapproval of such persons which looks uncommonly like sympathy.

A MORAL TOWN.—The city of Dodge, in the State of Kansas, is to be congratulated on the resolution lately passed by its Municipal Council, to the effect that the city should become moral on and after a certain date. One may smile at such a resolution, which tended in this instance to the closing of gambling-saloons and objectionable whisky-bars; but they must have been courageous men who were ready to brave a little ridicule for the sake of doing a great good, and their action was characteristic of a community living under free institutions. The most hopeful feature in American political life is the evidence we are constantly receiving as to the faculty of the smallest and newest cities—all towns are "cities" out there—for self-government under circumstances which would often appal European municipalities. A tourist arrives in a place like Dodge; he is disgusted at the profligacy and rowdiness of its inhabitants, and makes a note of what he has seen for the instruction of his friends in Europe, often forgetting to consider that the population of the place which shocked him so much was composed of adventurers from all parts of the world, who had not had time to settle down fairly, and know one another sufficiently to elect respectable rulers. But let the tourist return to the peccant city a year later, and he possibly finds that, as in the case of Dodge, things having got to that worst pass when they must needs mend, a set of manly, firm-handed fellows have set to work to purify their city, and have succeeded surprisingly well. We often hear that people are not to be made moral by Acts of Parliament; but this depends on the nature of the Acts. People are not to be moralised by hasty Acts passed to gratify the crotchets of a few individuals rather than to meet a public want; but legislation which gives expression to the feelings of the most respectable section in any community contending against vicious classes has had good moral results over and over again; and, in fact, the word civilisation simply sums up the long record of such triumphs.

FLOGGING IN SCHOOLS.—The other day the headmaster of a school at Shooter's Hill was summoned for "assaulting" one of his pupils, a little boy of ten years of age. The schoolmaster declared that "he was bound to punish the boy, or his influence in the school would have been at an end." The magistrate, while admitting that the punishment was "too severe," thought that "boys nowadays were too soft. When he was a boy he was bruised and weiled like other boys, and of course he did not deserve it; but he took it as a matter of course, and never told his father." After all, however, is it not time for the public to consider whether it is really expedient that "the cane" should be a permanent institution in our schools? It is often said that boys are none the worse for an occasional flogging; and this may be true, perhaps, of a particular class of boys. But punishment of this kind does not affect all boys in the same way. There are timid and sensitive children who are appalled by the mere chance of being publicly whipped; and in their case flogging does no good, but a great deal of very unnecessary harm. Even in the case of rough boys it may be doubted whether corporal punishment does not tend, on the whole, to make them more rather than less rude. As for the schoolmaster, if he can manage to maintain order without violent means, he is certain to be much more liked and respected by those entrusted to his charge. There is often an impassable gulf between a teacher and his pupils; and the explanation generally is that the former makes too free a use of his power to inflict physical pain. We admit that were flogging abolished, a severe strain would be put for some time upon the patience of schoolmasters; but in the end their work would be made more pleasant and more effective if discipline were enforced only by humane methods.

GEODESY AND DECIMALS.—Those Conferences which make the most noise in the world are not always the most useful. The International Postal Conference was held with very little flourishing of trumpets, yet it achieved some solid advantages. It would now be intolerable to go back to the complicated tariff of international postal charges which existed before the Conference framed its recommendations. There has just been sitting at Rome a Geodetic Conference, whose labours will be of interest to all persons who are connected with the sea, either as shipowners or navigators. In the decisions of this assemblage, England is likely to score a triumph. Local patriotism naturally likes to calculate its longitude from one of its own observatories. But to the practical navigator this is very inconvenient, as it involves a different nautical almanac for every nationality. As it is, several important countries have sacrificed patriotism to convenience. The United States, Germany, Austria, and Italy, all begin their initial meridian at Greenwich. This means that 90 per cent. of navigators throughout long voyages calculate their longitude by the meridian at Greenwich. Hence the Geodetic Conference recommends that for the future all seamen should regard Greenwich as their astronomical Mecca, hoping that in return England will agree to join the Metrical Convention of 1875. It must be admitted that, in the matter of decimals, England has stuck in an old-world rut, and that all, or almost all, the other nations have gone ahead of her. This is what a member of the London Chamber of Commerce assures us, and he also asserts that the retention of our insular system of coinage, weights, measures, and calculations, is really detrimental to our Continental trade. Personally we cannot agree with this gentleman's excessive admiration for the decimal system. It possesses the merit of simplicity, but, on the other hand, ten is a most awkward number for subdivision. Twelve is the natural unit, and it is a great pity that, when, in 1793, the French philosophers were remodelling things in general, they did not add two fresh symbols to our Arabic numerals. The simplicity of the decimal system would then have been combined with the advantage of a number capable of more subdivision than any other. Our English arithmetic will die hard, for we are a slow-moving, obstinate race, most of the colonies follow our old-fashioned ways, we do a large part of the world's trade, and the Americans, though decimal in their coinage, are English in their weights and measures.

EARLY CLOSING.—A number of influential names have been added to the Committee of the Society for Promoting Early Closing, but Lord Aberdeen complains that the movement has not received as much support as was anticipated from suburban tradesmen. We have often expressed the opinion that the early closing of shops would confer a boon on many hard-worked girls and young men; but the practical difficulties in the way of this reform must not be lost sight of. An Act of Parliament making it compulsory to close shops at a certain hour is out of the question in respect of a city the population of which increases at the rate of 250 persons a day, or 90,000 a year. The needs of so large and varied an assemblage of people as inhabitants London are innumerable. At all hours of the night people are going and coming. Late telegrams and letters by the evening mails call hundreds, if not thousands, of Londoners daily into the country, and travellers of this description are mostly compelled to make sudden purchases for their equipment. But if the hours of closing shops remain optional it is evident that a single tradesman who refuses to close early may oblige many of his neighbours to keep their shops open. Tobacconists, in particular, are addicted to closing late, and if suburban glovers, hosiers, perfumers, and stationers were systematically to put up their shutters at eight o'clock tobacconists would soon be doing a good stroke of business by adding gloves, hosiery, stationery, &c., to their stock. Places of amusement would also, under such circumstances, do the same thing, and perhaps railway companies would be drawn into establishing platform stalls for the sale of mixed goods up to midnight. Another difficulty in the way of the suburban tradesman is this, that the wives of men employed in the City are often fond of shopping with their husbands in the evening. This is especially so in the summer, and during the few weeks when the Thursday closing was tried last year in the North of London it was found that a great deal of money went Citywards. Men who remembered that they would find all the shops in their suburbs closed on Thursday evenings used to make purchases of things immediately wanted in the City, and they gradually fell into the way of doing this on other days. Custom flows towards City and West End shops as rivers to the sea; and therefore suburban tradesmen must endeavour to suit the convenience of customers, however exacting they may be.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA TWO-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, one entitled "RELICS OF THE BRAVE," from the Picture by Arthur Hacker, in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy; the other, entitled "THE WIDOWER," by E. A. Abbey, in the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours.

"THE GRAPHIC" IN PARIS

Can be obtained at THE GRAPHIC Office, where all information respecting Subscriptions and Advertisements will be given.

15, RUE BLEUE, PARIS.



COURT THEATRE, Sloane Square.—Lessees and Managers, Mr. JOHN CLAYTON and Mr. ARTHUR CECIL.—THIS EVENING, at 8, a New Play, entitled *THE MILLIONAIRE*, by G. W. Godfrey, Author of "The Parvenu," &c. Mrs. John Wood, Mrs. Beerbohm-Tree, Miss H. Lindley, and Miss Marion Terry; Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. Charles Surgen, and Mr. John Clayton.—Box Office hours 11 till 5. Doors open at 4.40.—MORNING PERFORMANCES OF *THE MILLIONAIRE* to-day, SATURDAY, October 27, and Saturday next, November 3, at 2.30.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—Managers, Messrs. ALFRED REED and CORNEY GRAY.—TREASURE TROVE, by Arthur Law, music by Alfred J. Caldicott. A New Musical Sketch by Mr. Corney Gray, entitled *ON THE THAMES*, concluding with a New Second Part, entitled *A WATER CURE*, by Arnold Felix, music by George Gear.—Stalls, 5s. and 3s. Admission 2s. and 1s. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 8, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 3.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE, W.

TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS OF THE ST. JAMES'S HALL MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS' NEW ENTERTAINMENT.—HUNDREDS TURNED AWAY FROM EVERY PERFORMANCE. The New and Beautiful Songs, and the New Comic Sketches of THE CHARLOTTE BLUES, SINGING IN THE SALVATION ARMY, and THE RAIN OF TERROR, with its startling atmospheric effects, applauded to the echo EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND SATURDAY AT THREE AND EIGHT. Omnibuses run from the Fisheries Exhibition direct to the doors of St. James's Hall.

THE ST. BERNARD CLUB'S SECOND EXHIBITION of ST. BERNARD DOGS will be held at the DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S RIDING SCHOOL, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, by kind permission of His Grace the Duke of Wellington, K.G., on OCTOBER 30th, 31st, and November 1st. About 30 of these magnificent dogs will be on view. Admission on October 30th, from 10.30 a.m. to 6 p.m. (to view) Judging, 5s.; 6 p.m. to 9.30 p.m., 2s. 6d.; October 31st and November 1st, One Shilling. Omnibuses to the "Fisheries" pass the door.

Patron—Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN. President—His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

LARGEST FISHERIES EXHIBITION EVER HELD. WILL CLOSE OCTOBER 31. Open daily from 9 a.m. till 10 p.m., except Wednesday and Saturday, when doors are open from 10 a.m. to 11 p.m. and 9 a.m. to 11 p.m. respectively. BRILLIANT ILLUMINATION of the Exhibition and Grounds by the ELECTRIC LIGHT every evening. Lighting power one million candles. The Full Band of the GRENADIER GUARDS, under the direction of Mr. Dan Godfrey, will perform a Grand Selection of Music of the best composers Daily from 2.30 p.m. till 9.45 p.m. Admission One Shilling every day, except Wednesday, when it is 2s. 6d. Children under 12, half price.

On EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY the Exhibition will be open until 11 p.m. The Band will play from 3.45 till 10.45. Special FÊTES will be held, and the Grounds brilliantly illuminated under the management of Mr. James Pa'n, as on the occasion of the Royal Fête on the 18th July.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.

YORK STREET, WESTMINSTER. Opposite St. James's Park Station. PANORAMA OF THE BATTLE OF TELEKEH, By the Celebrated Painter, Olivier Picot. Open daily 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. Admission 1s.; Fridays, 2s. 6d.

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THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S LAST GREAT PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. Now on view at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

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Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool Street. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Pullman Drawing Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations. On the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

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THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY, Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria at 10.40 and 11.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction, and from London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.5 p.m., calling at East Croydon. Day Return Fare—1st Class, Half-a-guinea (including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion).

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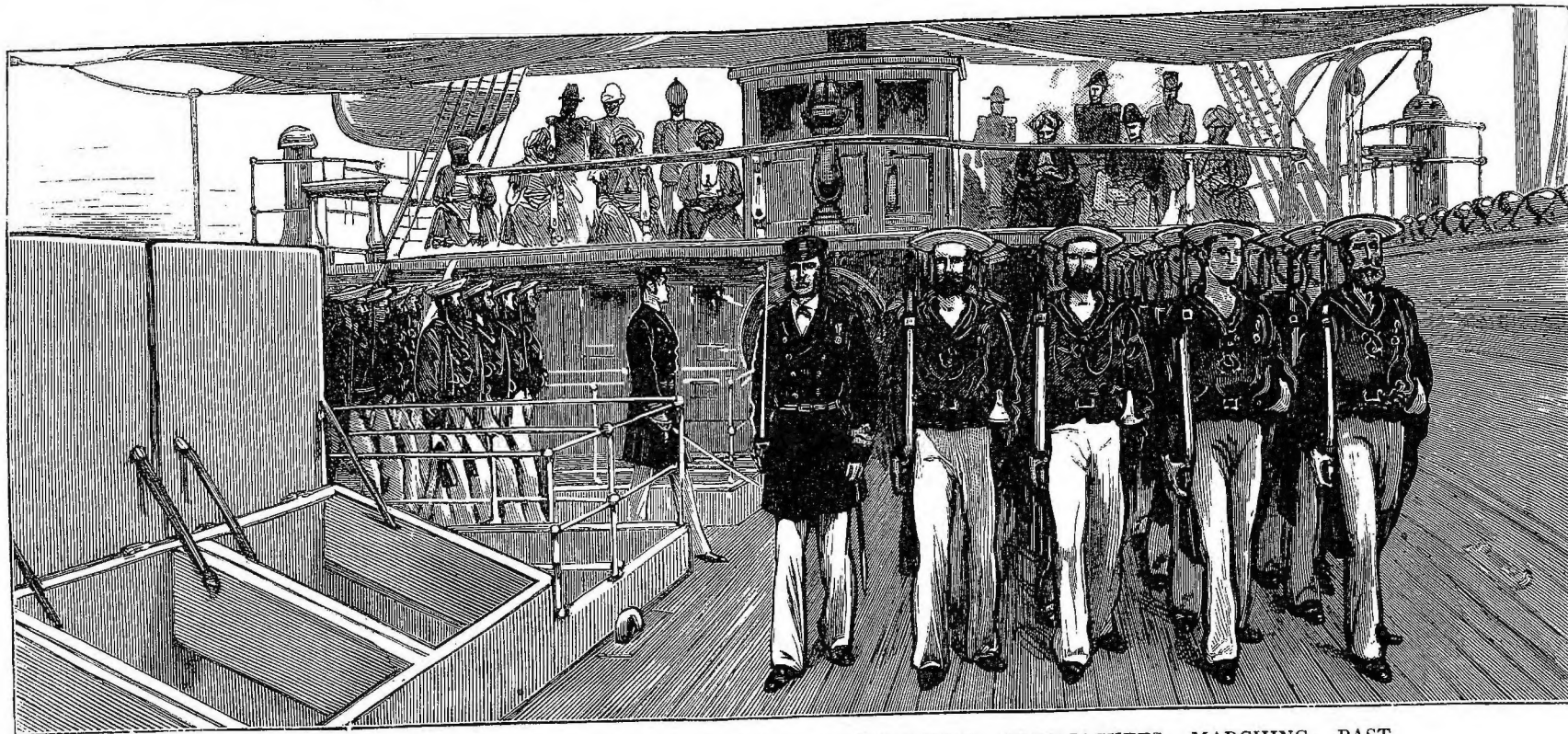


THE STEEPEST RAILWAY IN THE WORLD

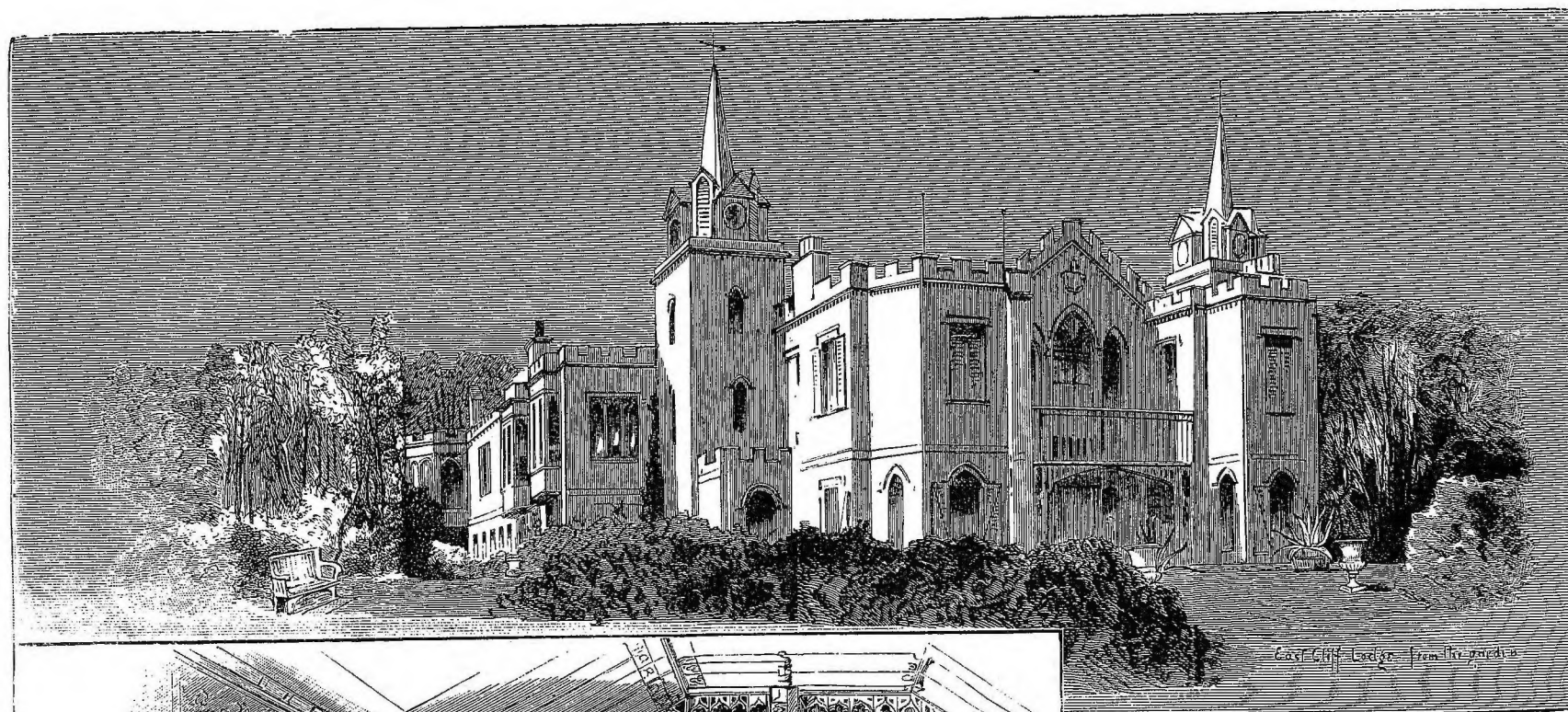
DURING the past summer a short line of railway has been opened in Switzerland, which is much more alarming in appearance than that which ascends the Righi. The new line starts from the shore of Lake Lemman, near the little English church of Montreux, and terminates at the cluster of hotels called Glion, an ascent of about 1,700 ft.

There are two carriages, each seating twenty-four passengers, one of which in descending raises the other by means of a wire rope. The descending car is always made the heavier by being filled at the summit with some seven tons of water, which is discharged at the lower level.

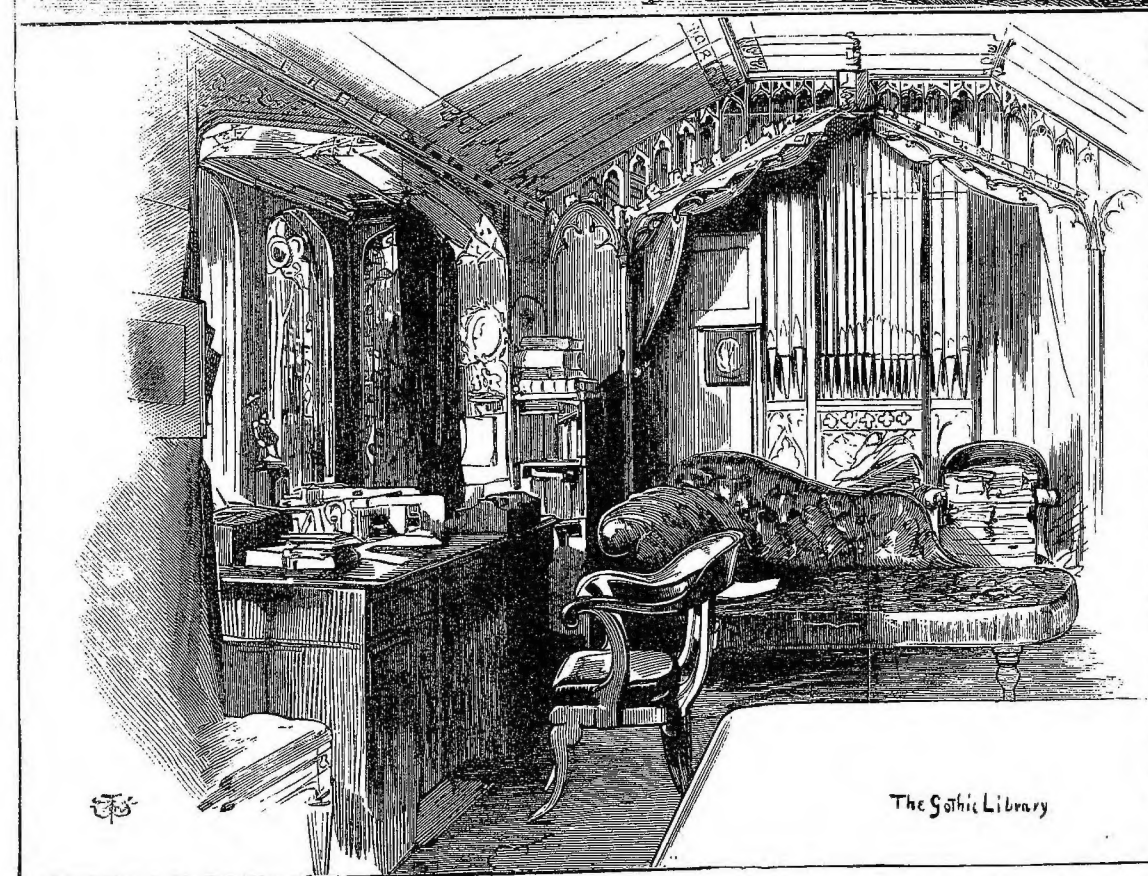
The ascent is commenced at Territet at an angle of 32 deg., which soon increases to 57 deg. It is curious to watch the carriage crawling up this fearful-looking incline; but in the opinion of Mr. Riggensbach, the engineer charged with its construction, there is no danger. The carriages are provided with three breaks, the first of which is worked by the conductor; the second is automatic, and comes into play in case of a rupture of the wire; the third is worked by compressed air, somewhat on the Westinghouse principle. There are only three lines of rails, except at the point half way where the carriages pass each other. From eleven to fifteen ascents and



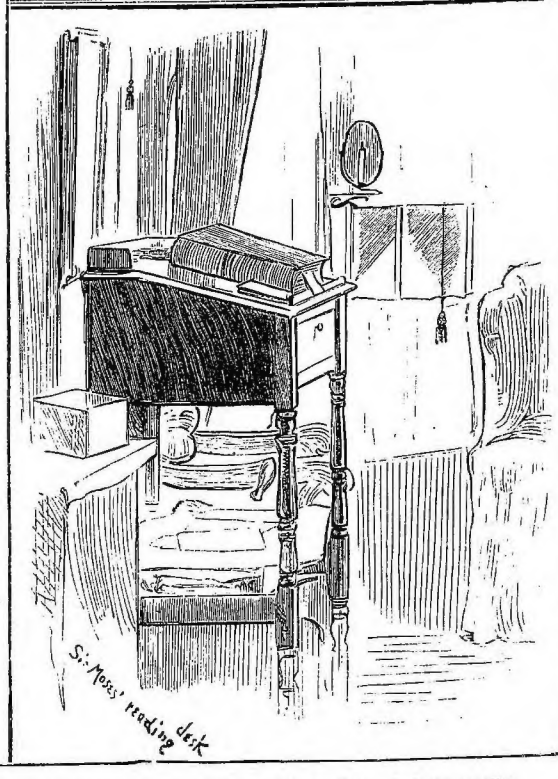
VISIT OF THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR TO H.M.S. "EURYALUS"—BLUE-JACKETS MARCHING PAST



East Cliff Lodge, from Ramsgate

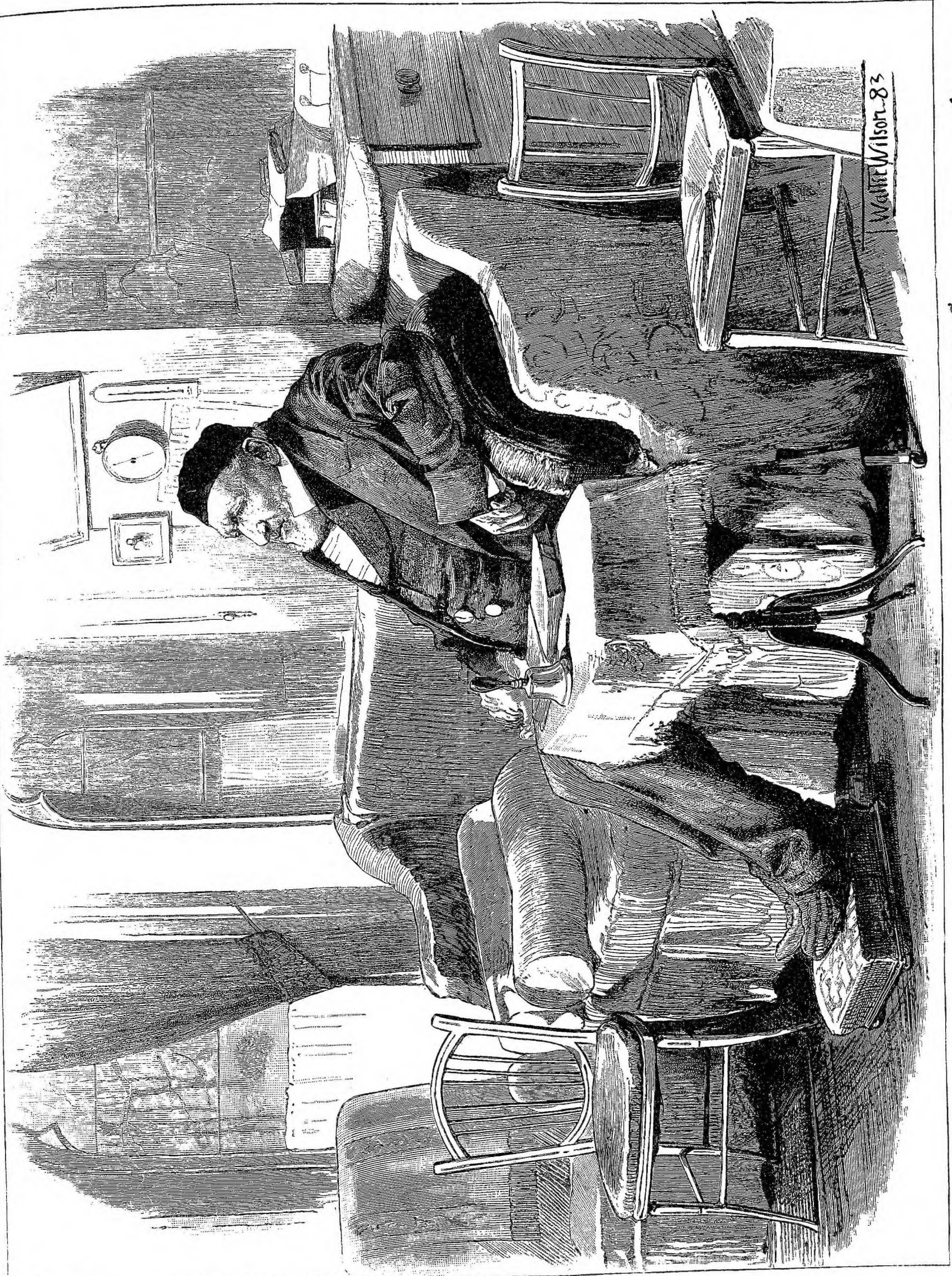


The Gothic Library



Sir Moses' reading desk

THE NINETY-NINTH BIRTHDAY OF SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE—SKETCHES AT HIS RESIDENCE, EAST CLIFF LODGE, RAMSGATE



Walter Wilson-83

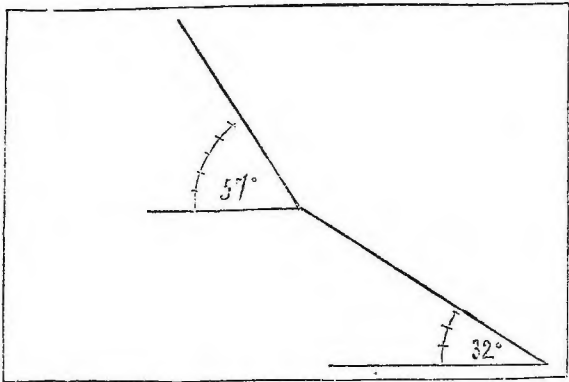
No. IV.

CELEBRITIES OF THE DAY—SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE

DRAWN FROM LIFE

Walter Wilson-83

descents are made daily. The nature of the incline can be understood from the following diagram :—



The above information, together with the sketch, is sent by Mr. F. R. Chesney, Coppet, Switzerland, an occasional contributor.

VISIT OF THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR TO H.M.S. "EURYALUS"

THE Sultan of Zanzibar, Barghash-bin-Said, who has certainly been working *con amore* with the British authorities in striving to repress the slave trade on the Eastern Coast of Africa, was invested on Sept. 14th, with the Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George by Admiral Hewett and Sir John Kirk, Consul-General at Zanzibar. The ceremony was conducted with all due pomp, and was followed by a grand banquet at the Palace. On the following day the Sultan paid a visit to Admiral Hewett on board his vessel, H.M.S. *Euryalus*. His Majesty was received with the customary Royal salutes of twenty-one guns, the ships manning yards on his approach. On arriving, he was first shown over the ship, and then went on the poop. The crew were mustered and marched round the deck, saluting as they passed in front of the Sultan. On his leaving the ship the yards of the fleet were again manned and the salute repeated. A correspondent of the *Times*, writing from Zanzibar, remarks on the rapid advances made under the present reign. The city is much improved, trade is prosperous, and the people are living in luxury compared with their condition a few years since. The Sultan has brought good water in pipes from the interior, which is delivered free to all. He has built many houses, and has made a fine road, extending several miles beyond the town. The people, who, in former days, never tasted other delicacies than cassava root, now eat rice, and are clothed in a way they never thought of a few years back.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Sub-Lieutenant H. H. Philips, R.N.

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE, BART.

A PHILANTHROPIST enjoys one privilege which other public men are rarely able to share with him—he cannot very well outlive his reputation. While means last, and the large sympathies which dictate the disposal of such means endure, the capacity of the philanthropist for doing good must remain unexhausted in defiance of physical infirmities. This is doubtless the secret of Sir Moses Montefiore's extraordinary popularity at an age when most men are unable to sustain the reputations which may have earned them fame in preceding generations. Our fathers and many of our grandfathers were yet unborn when Sir Moses set out on the career of benevolence to which he was urged, in part by the natural gentleness of his disposition, and the sad condition of his co-religionists in many parts of the world. He was born in the year that Johnson died, when Louis XVI. was still King of France, and the Great Napoleon or an Empire of the French was undreamt-of. He became an officer of the Synagogue just before the escape from Elba; and it was he doubtless who countersigned as treasurer the celebrated Synagogue account of Isaac Disraeli, which marked the withdrawal of the father of Lord Beaconsfield from the Jewish community. Returning from his first visit to Palestine in 1827, he was enabled to carry despatches from Admiral Codrington to the Duke of Clarence (afterwards William IV.) on the subject of the Battle of Navarino; and his knighthood was earned as Sheriff of London and Middlesex during the Coronation year of Queen Victoria. How remote from the present day is the period when he was a "City man" may be judged from the fact that one of his last transactions was to assist in financing the loan of 20,000,000*l.*, by which the slave emancipation movement of Clarkson, Wilberforce, and Buxton was met by the British Government in 1833. Sir Moses Montefiore is known principally for the many journeys he has made to distant countries on behalf of his oppressed co-religionists. To Palestine he has been seven times—his last visit was paid as late as eight years ago—and he has devoted much time, energy, and money to the task of raising the status of the Hebrew population of that hallowed region. In 1840 he paid a visit to Egypt to procure from Mehemet Ali the release of some Jews of Damascus, who had been imprisoned on a charge of using Christian blood for ritual purposes. The mission was successful; and Sir Moses on his way home obtained from the Sultan Abdul Medjid at Constantinople a *Hatt*, proclaiming the falsity of the "Blood Accusation," and promising protection to the Jews of the Ottoman Empire. He visited Russia in 1846, and succeeded in inducing the iron-handed Czar Nicholas to withdraw several Ukases which were cruelly affecting the Russo-Jewish communities. In 1863—in his eightieth year—he undertook an arduous journey into the interior of Morocco to prevail upon the Sherceef to treat his Jewish subjects with more humanity, and was fortunate enough to receive a firman granting all he wished. Other, but less important, expeditions were undertaken by the venerable philanthropist—to Rome in 1857, to Roumania in 1867, and to Russia in 1872. The benevolent exertions of Sir Moses Montefiore have not been limited to his foreign brethren, or even to the Jews as a class. He was one of the most indefatigable workers in the cause of Anglo-Jewish Emancipation early in the century, and he was foremost in every work of public utility both within and without his own community until a few years ago, when his advanced age necessitated his retirement from active life. But even since then he has not ceased to make his influence felt wherever sage counsel and an open purse are capable of doing good. At East Cliff Lodge, Ramsgate, where he resides, he conducts an enormous correspondence with all parts of the world, his interest in public events and his generosity knowing as little stint as a half-century ago. It may be said of him what cannot, unfortunately, be said of his years :—

For his bounty
There is no winter in't; an autumn 'tis
That grows the more by reaping.

Sir Moses entered on his hundredth year last Thursday, the 24th instant. The public celebrations at Ramsgate, however, will not take place until the 8th prox., which corresponds with the 8th Heshvan, the Hebrew birthday.

A MARINE PAPER CHASE ON THE RIVER PLATE

THESE engravings (which are from sketches by Mr. C. W. Cole, of H.M.S. *Boscawen*) represent some of the incidents of an equestrian paper chase which was got up by the officers and crew of the

Cracker gunboat near Maldonado. The men were the hounds and the officers were the hares. The first sketch illustrates the following conversation :—"Signalman, make a general signal." "No," interposes the senior officer, "Hawsey (*nom de plume* for the commanding officer) expects every man—hound, I mean—will do his duty; no, level best; no, make it duty." Another dialogue is thus given. Captain Hawsey: "Bugler, sound the 'Assembly.'" Bugler sounds, which renders the pack more unmanageable than before. "Trigger!" "Sir?" "You're Snowdrop." "How's that, sir?" "Because you're a hound." "Beg pardon, sir!" "If you say you're not a hound, I'll Black List you." "Smith!" "Sir?" "You're (steady, you brute!) you're Growler," and so forth. Although there was plenty of room on the wide South American pampas, yet, owing to reckless horsemanship and the undue friction of straps and buckles, there were a number of casualties. Indeed, our informant asserts that two men were killed; but it is to be hoped that this was only a "cracker." There were, however, a good many hurts; as one of the patients dolefully observed, "We chased paper and found plaster;" and next day one of the men came and spoke thus: "Please, Sir, nearly all the 'ounds in the port watch are *horse de combat*." The following was a characteristic incident of the country. One of the caulkers got a bad fall on a stone, and lay insensible. A gaucho rode off for water, which he brought back in a tumbler held out at arm's length, while he was going full gallop.

ANCIENT TOWER AT COLOSSE, NEAR LIMASOL, CYPRUS

THE old tower of Colosse, in the Island of Cyprus, is one of the most interesting specimens of mediæval architecture left by the Knights of St. John. One of our engravings is of a sculpture depicting the arms of Jacques de Milly, who was Grand Master of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John in the Island of Rhodes from 1454 to 1461. The group of arms is carved upon blocks of marble built into the face of the wall, and from the arrangement of the moulding around it, it is evident that the panel forms part of the original structure.

The sketches portray the external view of the tower, and one of four most interesting and perfect fireplaces which warmed and ventilated the four principal vaulted chambers of the tower. Beneath these chambers are two sets of dungeons. A flat roof and battlements surmount the whole, from which a glorious prospect extends around. The ancient aqueduct, coming from a perennial source in a distant range of mountains, still pours its stream of crystal water through a thousand channels in the fields below, where at all times a delicious greenness prevails. This is covered with a profuse growth of maiden-hair fern and water-loving plants, as may be seen from the engraving of one of its arches.

The owner of the Tower at Colosse and the adjacent property is a Greek gentleman of singular literary culture and most pleasing manners. To find Monsieur Apostolides at home in his cosy little farm-house, which is erected in one of the original outbuildings of Colosse, is to ensure a hearty welcome, a cup of delicious coffee, a cigarette of good tobacco, and a most enjoyable ramble over the ruins.

An ancient Latin church is to be seen close to the tower, with singular frescoes adorning the walls. It is in the form of a cross, and local traditions describe it as one of the early Christian churches of the island. This fact, however, requires corroboration. We hope subsequently to obtain sketches and more information regarding it.—Our engravings are from sketches by Major F. H. Armstrong, Assistant Commissary-General, Limasol, Cyprus.

THE FIRST MASONIC LODGE IN MOROCCO

OUR contemporary, the *Freemason*, some time since published an account of the opening of the first lodge established in Morocco. As the incident will doubtless be interesting to the Masonic fraternity in particular, we give an illustration representing a group of these Masonic pioneers, taken on the morning after the inaugural ceremonies.

The name of the Lodge is the "Al Moghreb al Aksa," which means literally "The Far West." As regards the Lodge, the name is happily chosen, as it was the appellation given to Mauritania by its Saracen conquerors; while, on the other hand, strange to say, the charter of the Lodge itself is derived from the Grand Lodge of Manitoba, in the Far West of America.

The brethren present in the illustration are :—M. W. Bro. Patterson, 18th deg., P.G.M. Province of Manitoba, and Special Deputy G.M. Morocco; W. Bro. Ballard, Master of the Al Moghreb al Aksa; W. Bro. Ross, Deputy Master of the Al Moghreb al Aksa; W. Bro. Johnston, 18th deg., P.M. Lodge of Friendship, Gibraltar; W. Bro. Lyons, Master of the Inhabitants Lodge, Gibraltar; W. Bro. Bell, P.M. of Calpe Lodge, Gibraltar; Bro. Cohen, Senior Warden; Bro. Sidi Abdulam Benareis, Junior Warden; Bro. Hadji Ali Butalib, Knight of the Red Eagle of Prussia. The names of the other brethren are Brs. S. Worth, Treasurer; D. Dobranec, 18th deg., Organist; M. Shrique, Kaid Silva, Superintendent of Works; H. Lugaro, Senior Deacon; M. Novello, Junior Deacon; M. Aflalo, Tyler; J. Bensadon, and Antonio Gutierrez.

Immediate steps are being taken for the opening of other Lodges in the different cities and seaports of Morocco, and there is every prospect of the movement being a success. This is to be desired, as a better feeling would be introduced between the various elements composing the population—Christians, Moors, and Jews.—Our engraving is from a photograph by the Rev. R. Stewart Patterson, Chaplain to Her Majesty's Forces, Windmill Hill, Gibraltar.

LORD AND LADY LANSDOWNE AT BARONSCOURT

LORD LANSDOWNE has long been regarded with the most cordial respect and friendship in the North of Ireland, both for his own sake as an estimable nobleman, who has done his best to promote the welfare and interest of those in any way dependent on him, and also because his wife, Lady Lansdowne, is a daughter of the Duke of Abercorn, a family which is highly regarded in the Province of Ulster. When, therefore, the last evening of the stay of Lord and Lady Lansdowne in Ireland had arrived—for they were about to sail for Canada, his Lordship having been appointed Governor-General of the Dominion—the tenantry of Baronscourt resolved to give them a hearty farewell. A demonstration of a novel character was organised. After dinner in the mansion the guests looked out, and saw the demesne illuminated by torches borne by over three hundred men, who marched in regular array through the avenue in front of the principal terrace. Altogether there were over six hundred persons present. The torches were made of bog-fir, about four feet long and six inches thick, tied on poles five feet long. The spectacle was singularly fine, as the bog-fir flames tremulously. At the first sound of the voices the party staying at Baronscourt, among whom were the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, accompanied the Marquis and Lady Lansdowne and family to the terrace colonnade. All the servants were assembled in front. The singing was led by the Baronscourt Church choir, under the leadership of the Incumbent, the Rev. W. H. Winn, to whom we are indebted for the photograph from which our engraving is executed. An address was then presented to Lord Lansdowne, who made an excellent speech in reply. Next day (October 13th) the Viceregal party embarked on board the Allan Line steamer *Circassian* for Quebec, and their safe arrival at that port has since been telegraphed.

THE NORDENSKJÖLD GREENLAND EXPEDITION

BARON NORDENSKJÖLD celebrates his twenty-fifth year as an explorer this year, and decidedly in a fitting manner by his recent successful expedition to Greenland.

On the night of June 10 the *Sophia*, the vessel in which Nordenskjöld effected his expedition, steamed out of the port of Reykjavik, in Iceland; and two days after, at 7 A.M., the east coast of Greenland rose in view. At first it appeared, from the clear sea and the thousands of sea-birds wheeling in the air or swimming in the sea, as if Nordenskjöld would have the good fortune to reach the east coast of Greenland, where no ship has been able to anchor for four centuries, almost at the very moment of his approach. Land was, however, found to be further off than at first believed, and, after a six hours' steaming, the man in the crow's-nest reported, "Ice along the coast as far as the eye can reach." For several days the vessel steamed along the ice-barrier without discovering the smallest opening in the same. The coast was mostly hidden from view; but at times the clouds cleared away, and magnificent glimpses of Alpine scenery, lofty mountains, and shining glaciers broke into view. As there was, however, not the slightest indication of the ice disappearing, the *Sophia* made for Julianshaab, on the west coast, and thence northwards along the shore to the Auleitsvik Fjord, from the bottom of which the famous Swedish explorer would start on his exploration of the interior of Greenland. On July 4 all was ready, and Nordenskjöld and his party departed on their expedition. For about a fortnight the journey was continued across a *flora* and *fauna*-less icy desert, when a heavy snow arrested further progress on sledges. Now the two Lapps in Nordenskjöld's train were sent forward in "skidor," viz., Lapp snow-shoes. They traversed some 130 miles and found no change in the character of the land. The ice had every appearance of having lain here since the Glacial period. Still, the fact that hot springs are now and then encountered in the interior seem to bespeak a subterranean heat similar to that producing the "Geysers" of Iceland. The excursion into the interior occupied a month, when the party returned to the point of starting.

The *Sophia* had in the mean while, in charge of the well-known Swedish geologist, Dr. A. G. Nathorst, proceeded on a scientific voyage up Smith's Sound. The main object of this expedition was to land at Cape York, and examine some large blocks of ironstone which Nordenskjöld discovered here in 1879, and which he believes are of meteoric origin. Heavy pack-ice, however, blocked every approach to Cape York, and the *Sophia* had to return to Upernivik, and then to take the inland expedition on board. When this was successfully effected, the course was again shaped for the east coast, in order to attempt to make a landing there. But even now a thick belt of drift-ice barred every approach, and it was first on September 4 that Nordenskjöld succeeded in forcing the same, and anchoring in a fjord south of Cape Dan. The *Sophia* is thus the first steamer which has reached the east coast of Greenland, south of the Polar Circle, while Nordenskjöld and his followers are the first Europeans who have succeeded in landing in this latitude since the fifteenth century. In this fjord some remains were found, which the Swedish explorer attributes to the Norse colonists of Greenland eight centuries ago. On September 28 the *Sophia* arrived in Gothenburg. The magnificent equipper of this expedition is the well-known Macenas, Dr. Oscar Dickson, of Gothenburg, whose portrait we give, together with an illustration of the *Sophia* and some views of the icy interior of Greenland.—The foregoing details, and the sketches, are supplied to us by Mr. Carl Siewers.

THE BABY MARMOZETS

See page 417

CHESS WITH LIVING PIECES AT BRIGHTON

CHESS with living pieces is now becoming a popular and fashionable pastime, and a grand tournament has recently been held at the Corn Exchange, Brighton, with very great success. As usual the two contending sides were designed to represent historical characters. Thus the white king and queen portrayed Henry the Eighth and Catherine of Arragon, while their opponents were respectively King Francis I. and his Queen. The bishops, the *Southern Weekly News* tells us, were attired in full canonicals, while the knights were most picturesquely clad in plate armour and coats of mail, with swords and plumed helmets. Capital specimens of Beefeaters were the English rooks, and equally good were those on the other side as Yeomen of the Guard. The white pawns were charming little girls in light blue satin, their black rivals being attired as pages in costumes copied from those of French princes of the period. The white king and queen were portrayed by Mr. Henry Tester and Miss Minnie Tester, the lady wearing a white satin and velvet dress, trimmed with jewels and ermine, while Mr. Sanders and Miss Alice Sanders took the part of the black monarch and his consort, the latter wearing an amber satin dress, richly trimmed with pearls. The tournament lasted three evenings, the tellers being Lieutenant-Colonel Tester and the Rev. T. Rhys Evans—their enunciation being particularly clear; the game being played by Messrs. H. W. Butler, G. R. Downer, Walter Mead, C. D. Locock, A. A. Bowley, and Arthur Smith. At the conclusion of each evening a very pretty effect was caused by the presentation of a bouquet to each queen by the rival kings.—Our engravings are from photographs by Mr. Gustave Schulz, 14, Preston Street, Brighton, who took some highly successful views during the proceedings.

RELICS OF THE BRAVE

THERE is great pathos in Mr. Arthur Hacker's picture. The story can be told in a few words. The wife has received news that her husband (the old man's son) has been killed in action. The letter which conveys this sad intelligence contains the dead soldier's medals, clasps, &c., and these constitute "The Relics of the Brave." This picture has been purchased by the Telfair Academy of Arts and Sciences, Georgia, U.S.A.; and if it had not been sold for America, would probably have been secured for Liverpool, where it is now exhibiting.

THE WIDOWER

THERE is pathos also in Mr. Abbey's picture, but it is less obvious, and is accompanied by an undercurrent of humour. The widower, spruce and upright, as he submits to have his coat brushed by the trim handmaiden, conveys little outward semblance of deep affliction. But in the figure of the little boy there is great pathos. He sits in the ample arm-chair with wondering eyes, dazed and puzzled by all that has happened, and the spectator pities him all the more because at his age he can only very faintly realise the irreparable bereavement which has befallen him.

THIRLBY HALL

A NEW STORY, by W. E. Norris, illustrated by William Small, is continued on page 421.

ON THE CONGO, II.

THE Second Portion of Mr. Johnston's Narrative, illustrated by himself, begins on page 423.



THE TWO DAYS' CONFERENCE of Liberal delegates at Leeds ended on the 18th with the unanimous adoption of Mr. J. Kitson's resolution, calling on Government to deal with the Redistribution of Seats directly after the County Franchise. The general sense of the meeting was in favour of devoting next Session to a sense of the Municipality of London—none of which need involve a dissolution; and of devoting the Session of 1885 to the much larger question of a Redistribution of Seats to suit the requirements of the new electors. Presiding at a great evening meeting in the Town Hall, Mr. Bright spoke warmly, and in a more combative tone than at Wednesday's *conversazione*, on the necessity of thus disposing of the electoral difficulty once for all, and on the folly of "minority clauses" and other "fads." Yet his speech was something of a two-edged sword, the declaration of the Liberal Nestor that "he was not a Radical, and did not quite know how far Radicals might go," coming like a water douche on those who conveniently forget the enormous gulf between "an advanced reformer" of 1850 and those who swear in 1883 by Messrs. Chamberlain and Morley.

THE UPHILL LABOUR, as he justly termed it, of rallying to action the inert Conservatism of North Wales was undertaken this week by Sir S. Northcote with unusual *verve*. A speech on Monday to a monster gathering of 8,000 delegates from the six northern Counties in the Pavilion at Carnarvon was followed next day by the reception of an address from the Conservative Working Men's Club at Bangor and a luncheon in the Masonic Hall with the members of the Anglesey and Carnarvonshire Associations. Though scarcely novel, save for some neat hitting at political opponents, and chiefly meant to organise resistance everywhere to changes dangerous to our ancient Constitution (avoiding the sense of false security which proved so ruinous in 1880), Sir Stafford's speeches were well adapted to their ends as the *mot de bataille* now universally commended alike by the most moderate and the most daring of his party.

THE PREMIER arrived in London on Wednesday evening to preside, on Thursday, at the first Cabinet Council of the Recess.

SIR PATRICK GRANT, Governor of Chelsea Hospital, a veteran soldier of the old E.I.C. army, has been promoted to the high rank of Field Marshal.

SIR A. ALISON was presented on Saturday at Glasgow with a sword of honour by the Provost and Town Council, and acknowledged the gift in a brilliant speech. None previously have described so well in a few words the dramatic night march on Tel-el-Kebir, or done such justice to the stubborn courage of the Egyptian privates, above all the artillery, who fought till they were bayoneted at their guns. Admitting, with Lord Hartington, that there was too much boasting over our victories, the work by which they were achieved was anything but child's play. Nine months ago this speech would have been quoted everywhere.

TWO COLLIERY EXPLOSIONS, in swift succession, are the most disastrous accidents of the week. The first was on Friday night at the Wharmcliffe Colliery, in the notorious "fiery Barnsley seam," at a time when fortunately only the night gang was at work. Twenty of these were killed or suffocated by after-damp at once, five only reaching the foot of the shaft in time to be drawn up alive, though in a state of great exhaustion. Attempts on Saturday to reach the spot, though fifteen dead bodies were eventually brought to the surface, ended in serious injuries to the experienced mining engineers in charge, and have now been discontinued until the fire, known to be burning in the pit behind the *adit* from the roof, has been flooded out and ventilation gradually restored. The families of the victims will be supported by the South Yorkshire Miners' Relief Fund. The second occurred on the night of Sunday at "Fair Lady" Pit, near Newcastle-under-Lyme, while a party of fourteen daring men were employed walling off some fallen coal which had been for some days in a state of partial ignition. Six are known to have been killed at once, and the manager of the mine and two engineers were only rescued by the exertions of their companions; but several are still entombed in the burning pit, and cannot be approached until an intervening "sumph" has been filled up, to give access to the higher stage where they are supposed to be.

EXTRAORDINARY HIGH TIDES, aggravated by strong gales, occurred all round the coast in the last three or four days of the past week, though the damage done was mainly local, and confined to buildings, railway-lines, &c., in too close proximity to the shore. A monstrous tidal wave rolled up the Severn, flooding the country for many miles, and pouring like a cataract into the open workings of the damaged tunnel, the workmen, excepting one man who was drowned, narrowly escaping with their lives. The water has since been pumped out of the invaded corner, and the total quantity throughout the tunnel diminishes appreciably from day to day.

IN Ireland the Nationalist meetings, unless something come of the new agitation with which we are threatened on behalf of the labourers against the farmers, begin to flag—Mr. Davitt, even, sorrowfully confessing that the new National League is a less potent engine than its precursor, the old Land League. Near Ballinacollig, hunting, it is said, will be stopped, in revenge perhaps for the "proclamation" of an open-air meeting convoked by the Leaguers with malice *propense* on the scene of a recent brutal murder.—The Roman Catholic Bishop, after being interviewed by both the candidates for the representation of Limerick, has decided to support the Parnellite, MacMahon. A curious application to the Mayor and Town Council from the Conservative, Mr. Spaight, praying that no preparations be made for repairing the streets of the City until after the election, was granted amidst Homeric laughter. At the next general election the Lord Mayor of Dublin is expected to come forward.—The climax of the Parnell banquet will be reached in the presentation to the Parliamentary leader of the title-deeds of his estate redeemed from all encumbrances. All sorts of rumours are abroad as to the disposal of the remaining moiety of the Fund, among them one that Mr. Parnell intends to pay therefrom the London expenses of patriotic, but impecunious, members of the Irish party in the Commons.—A true bill for murder was returned on Tuesday in the case of Joseph Poole, the suspected murderer of Kenny. The trial has been adjourned for a few days in consequence of an accident to Dr. Webb, the leader for the defence.—Some accounts of the Phoenix Park Fund have been made public, and show grants of very considerable sums to those families of those who died without confessing. The friends of those who pleaded guilty receive nothing.—Near Castle Island a farmer of the name of Doolan, who had been awarded 250*l.* compensation for an agrarian attack, was met the other night by a party of six men, and forced to swear upon his knees that he would refuse to accept it. Other refusals, it is hinted, may plausibly be traced to energy.—The Roman Catholic Archbishop of Toronto writes to discourage emigration, particularly of female servants, on the ground that the labour market is over-stocked. On the other hand, the Canadian authorities maintain that they can "place" any

number of willing workers. The difference, perhaps, lies chiefly in the adjective.

THE INTERVIEW between coal-owners and colliers' delegates at Sheffield on Tuesday resulted in the unanimous refusal of the former to concede 15 per cent. advance. A meeting of delegates, held at Rotherham on Wednesday to decide the question of a general strike, ended in an adjournment to November 2nd.—The Manchester meeting of employers and *employés* in the cotton trade has also been adjourned for another fortnight.

THE SOUTH WALES COLLEGE was opened formally on Wednesday, in the presence of a distinguished group of visitors, by Lord Aberdare, who was presented with a key of the gates in gold. The day was observed as a general holiday.

THE ANNUAL TRAFALGAR BANQUET was held as usual under the auspices of the Royal Naval Club, the evening after the seventy-eighth anniversary of the day, which fell this year upon a Sunday. Two officers only now remain upon the list, Sir George Sartorius and Lieut.-Colonel Fynmore, R.M.

AMONG THE DEATHS reported since our last we find the names of the Marquis of Donegall (æt. 87), the last survivor (save Lord Overstone) of the House of Commons in the reign of George III.; of George Philip Stanhope, seventh Earl of Chesterfield; of Canon Clayton, one among the last of the disciples of the famous Simeon, and Rector of the historic living of Stanhope, in Durham, where Butler wrote his monumental "Sermons;" of E. V. Harcourt (æt. 81), uncle of the Home Secretary, and fifty years Registrar of the Province of York, an appointment which, together with the Northern Primacy, will now be in the gift of the able but eccentric member for Portsmouth from 1865 to 1868; of J. N. Mappin, the wealthy Sheffield brewer, whose death will enrich his native town with a picture-gallery valued at 60,000*l.*, and 15,000*l.* to provide for it a fitting building; of J. H. Chamberlain, suddenly of heart disease, well known in Birmingham as an able architect and a skilled art critic; and last, not least, in his 67th year, of Captain Mayne Reid, whose stirring tales of Mexican romance, based on his own experience from 1840 to 1847, were long the favourite reading books of British school-boys. We hope to publish a portrait of him in our next issue.

NEW NOVELS

THOUGH it would be difficult to place the finger upon any objectionable passages in "Colonel and Mrs. Revel," by Laslett Lyle (3 vols.: Tinsley Brothers), exception must nevertheless be taken to the novel on the score of its general tone. It leaves the unpleasant flavour attaching to all stories which seem meant to convey the impression that their authors could write very wickedly if they would, or rather if they dared. Very likely the impression is a false one, and comes in most cases from want of knowledge of the world; and we are the more disposed to think this in the case of Laslett Lyle, on the ground of the very juvenile sort of sentimental vulgarity by which he, or she, considers that readers are likely to be interested or amused. The principal male character, Colonel Revel, is a very paltry sort of Don Juan, who, after eloping from his wife with a lady of the terrible name of Mrs. Cholmondeley Molyneux, dies penitent, leaving Mrs. Revel free to marry a truer lover. But Laslett Lyle, with a fine contempt for poetical justice, sets up a misunderstanding of the usual pattern between the two, and kills off his heroine by the breaking of a blood-vessel just when everything is cleared up between them. Obviously it was not worth the trouble of writing three volumes in order to tell this to the world, unless there were some new character to be studied or developed, or some purpose to be conveyed. Of the last, however, there is no sign—the author depends entirely for interest upon a story not worth telling, while the characters are altogether conventional. The relations which very silly and vulgar people may bear to one another are so infinite, that Laslett Lyle has the less excuse for making from them so poor a selection, and for treating them with such serious solemnity.

Irish novels have been much less numerous of late than they were a year or two ago. The description, therefore, of "True to the Core," by C. J. Hamilton (2 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), as a romance of '98, is the more attractive; and it is correspondingly disappointing to find how little use the author has made of the historical element which she has chosen. For that matter, it is a mere immaterial accident that the scene should be laid in Dublin or among the Kerry mountains. The plot—as, by the way, has become usual with the once genial and rollicking Irish novel—is miserable and gloomy to the last extreme. Not content with hanging the man whom the heroine loves without return, Miss Hamilton spoils poor Norah's face with vitriol, and leaves her an idiot, with scarcely a hope of regaining reason. Her amount of happiness throughout the course of her career is limited to a few doubtful hours, when she first finds herself capable of passion; and from that moment her author shows her no mercy. The conspiracy with which she makes acquaintance in Dublin represents, we imagine, much more the secret societies of recent fiction when dealing with Continental Nihilism than the sort of thing that was prevalent in Ireland before the Union, though it is of course always open to an author to answer that when he acts as janitor of a hidden association he may place whatever his fancy pleases inside. Some relief is given to the prevailing gloom of Norah's story by the portrait of Miss Penelope Chute, an elderly young lady of familiar type, but executed with amusing originality. In other respects it is difficult to gather Miss Hamilton's purpose in constructing a story which neither increases nor reflects the interest proper to a period of which the fertility in all the elements which a novelist can require is by no means yet exhausted. As a picture of savage devotion on the part of her heroine to a passion which amounts to a craze, it has less success than ambition.

"A Fool for His Pains," by Helena Gullifer (3 vols.: Sampson Low and Co.), assumes—and we will not rashly assert the assumption to be unfounded—that a sister may be so self-sacrificing as voluntarily to throw over the whole of her own and her lover's happiness, and to consent to marry one man while loving another, only because her brother finds himself in want of a few pounds. However, it is always pleasant and wholesome to read of these flights of heroism, even though the two lovers of Flora Tremaine may have thought themselves treated with but scant justice or consideration. The most noteworthy incident in her story has, at any rate, the merit of complete novelty. A lion is so far forgetful of probability and of want of precedent for such an occurrence as to escape from his cage in the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park, and to become an unwelcome guest at a *fête* in the Botanical Gardens hard by. There was some fear of such a possibility at the time of the canal explosion, some years ago, and tigers from menageries have been known to roam the fields at large—at any rate in fiction; but to take this liberty with a live lion, capable of identification, and to detail circumstances of time and place, is very much as if a novelist were to invent some hardly less startling incident in the career of some real and living human personage. We admit to having been much interested in the lion; in other respects the incidents of "A Fool for His Pains" are of average merit and probability, and are narrated with an average amount of skill. Nobody acts very sensibly; but then, in the matter of common sense on the part of fictitious characters, the standard has long been placed conveniently low. Otherwise we should have few misunderstandings; and without these, where would average novels be?



THE NEXT INTERNATIONAL ELECTRICAL EXHIBITION will take place in the United States, where the Franklin Institute at Philadelphia have decided to organise an elaborate display in September.

MOST OF THE INTERNATIONAL POLAR METEOROLOGICAL EXPEDITIONS are returning safely, the latest arrival being the German observers, after nearly sixteen months' successful work. The Greeley Expedition is still unheard of.

THE FUNERAL WREATHS COVERING TOURGUÉNIEFF'S COFFIN were positively subjected to import duty on crossing the Russian frontier, as the Customs kept the coffin four days, and rigidly scrutinised the wreaths, which they finally taxed to the amount of 2*l.*

A PAPER STEAMER has been built for use on Lake Ontario. This novel vessel is nearly twenty feet long, and can carry twenty-five persons and three tons of freight, while the compressed paper of which it is built is so solid that a bullet fired at the side only four paces away failed to penetrate the material, and glanced off.

THE QUEEN'S STATE BARGE, which has been shown this year at the Fisheries' Exhibition, will be definitively housed in the South Kensington Museum when the Exhibition closes. First built three centuries ago, the barge for some years past has been kept by the Queen's bargemaster at Teddington in company with the Royal shallop *Arrow*, and the latter boat is now to be removed to Virginia Water.

PATRIOTIC GERMAN LADIES have decided to have nothing more to do with French fashions after the late insulting anti-Teutonic demonstrations during the King of Spain's Paris visit. Hitherto, on all Court gala occasions, Paris has furnished elaborate toilettes, particularly during the Silver Wedding festivities, when one Court-dame paid a French maker nearly 300*l.* for her gold-brocade dress, but in future home industry is to suffice.

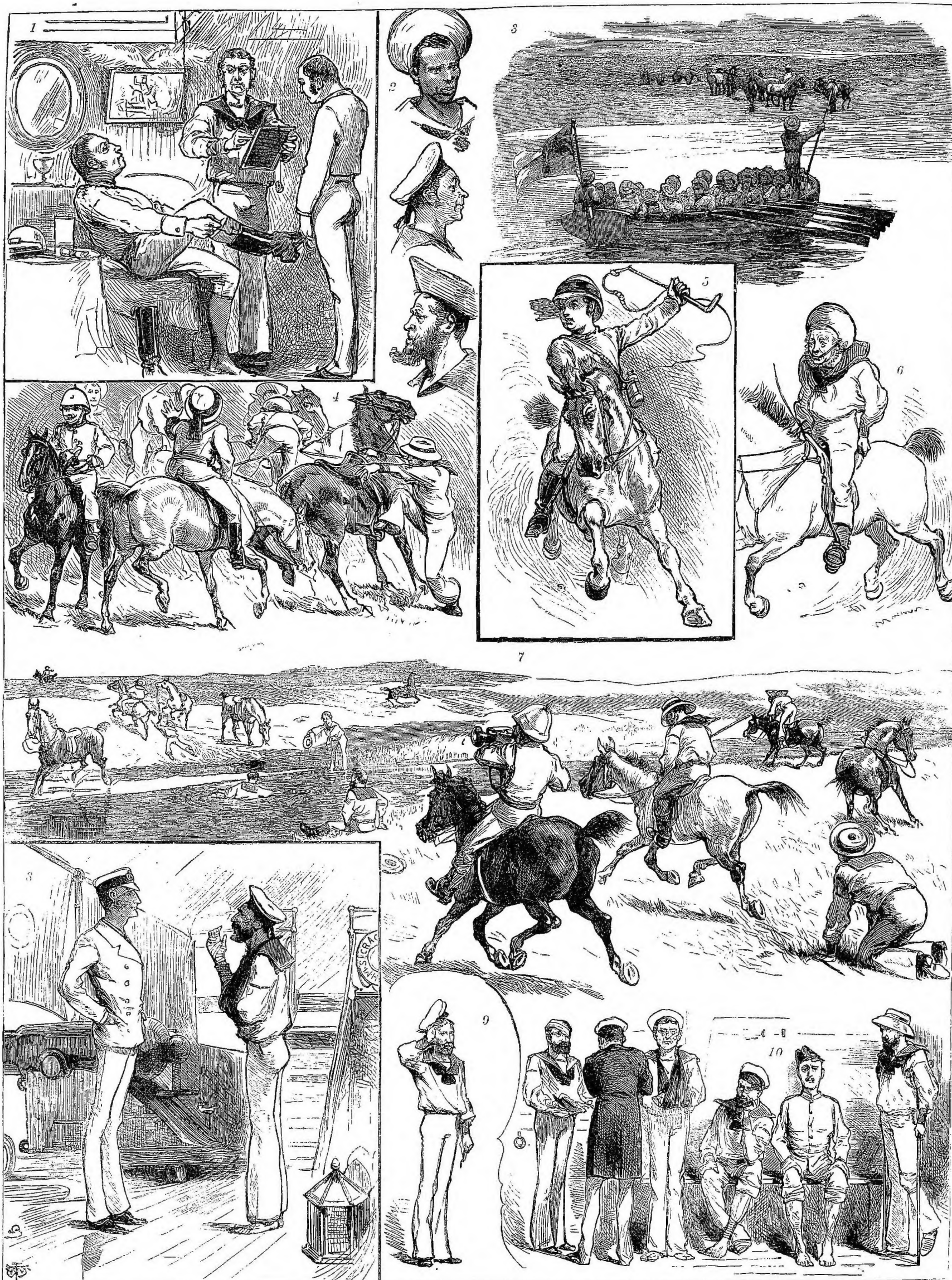
THE TENTH ANNUAL COMPETITION between the leading Metropolitan Sketching Clubs, viz., Gilbert (St. Martin's School), Lambeth, South Kensington, and West London, took place on Wednesday, October 24th, 1883. The awards were made by Mr. Briton Rivière, R.A., and Mr. T. Woolner, R.A., as follows:—Figure, "Betrayed," J. K. Sadler, of the "Gilbert;" Landscape, "A River Bank," H. G. Moon, of the "Gilbert;" Animal, "Caught," G. Paice, of the "Gilbert;" Sculpture, "Defiance," Mr. Taylorson, of "Lambeth." Mr. Gunthorne also obtained special mention for sculpture. The award of honour for the best set of Sketches was given to the Lambeth Sketching Club. There were about a hundred works exhibited in the Gallery, kindly lent for the occasion by the Society of British Artists.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, and 1,408 deaths were registered, against 1,438 during the previous seven days, a fall of 30, being 139 below the average, and at the rate of 18·6 per 1,000. These deaths included 25 from measles (a decline of 7), 66 from scarlet fever (a fall of 3), 28 from diphtheria (a rise of 4), 22 from whooping-cough, 1 from typhus fever (a decline of 1), 20 from enteric fever (a fall of 3), and 38 from diarrhoea and dysentery (an increase of 4). Death referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 252 (against 248 the previous week), being 70 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 49 deaths; 47 were the result of negligence or accident—6 from burns and scalds, 6 from drowning, 2 from poison, 7 of infants under one year from suffocation, and 2 cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,370 births registered against 2,504 the previous week, being 51·3 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 51·3 deg., and 0·2 deg. above the average.

A VAST NEW ARCTIC RIVER has been discovered by the commander of the American Government steamer *Corwin*, which lately went to Alaska with presents for the Tchukchee Indians, who relieved the starving crew of the lost vessel *Rogers*—so the *New York Herald* tells us. Rumours of this river had been heard by former explorers, and Lieutenant Storey followed a south-easterly track from Hotham Inlet until he struck the river, and followed it fifteen miles to its mouth. Here he saw such huge pieces of floating timber that he was sure the stream must be immense. After going back fifty miles he learnt from the natives that it would take several months to reach the head of the stream, the Indians stating that they had followed it for 1,500 miles, and that it was twenty miles broad in some places. Though lying within the Arctic Circle, Lieutenant Storey found flowers and vegetation in the neighbourhood not hitherto discovered in so high a latitude. He now wants the Government to allow him to return and explore the river.

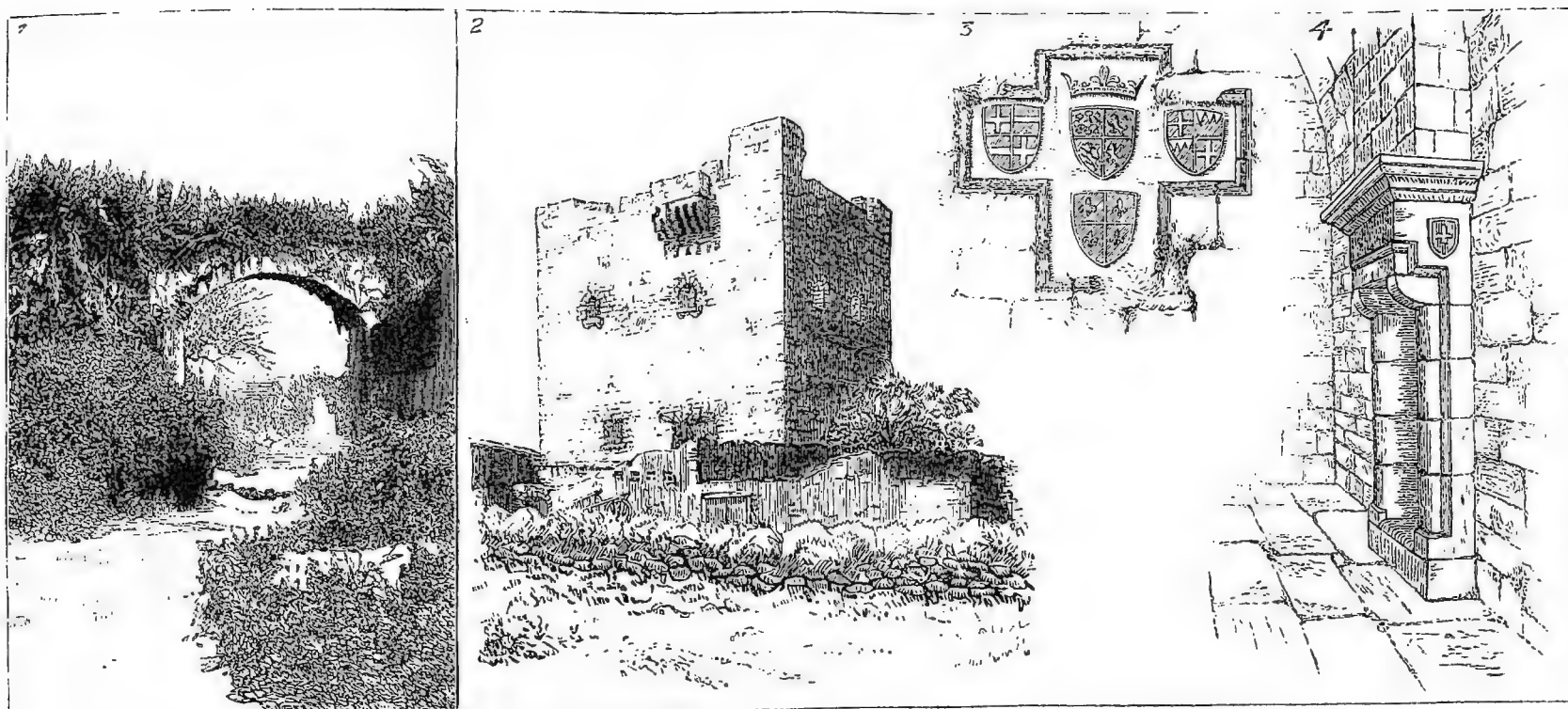
THE NATIONAL GALLERY COLLECTION has undergone some important changes since the passing of the Loan Act. As this permits the loan of English works to provincial towns, many pictures have been temporarily removed, giving room for others, while Mr. Burton is endeavouring to class the paintings in better order. Thus the Peel Collection has been moved from the corridor to one of the rooms of the old building, which it exactly fills, besides being seen to better advantage, while the space thus vacated is filled by various important Italian examples recently acquired. These include Botticelli's "Assumption" and a Signorelli, from the Hamilton sale, another Signorelli bought in Italy, while Veronese's "St. Helena" is now in its proper place in the Venetian School. Again, by removal, the whole of one room in the new building has been freed for exclusively Spanish pictures, where the newest is the early canvas attributed to Velasquez, presented by Sir Savile Lumley, "The Institution of Prayer," representing a child led by an angel to the scourged Christ. Another acquisition from the Hamilton collection is Tintoretto's "Christ Washing the Disciples' Feet," which has been brilliantly restored, and hangs in the next vestibule. Some of the chief treasures have been gathered together in a kind of Salon Carré, notably the new Antonelli da Messina.

THE CALCUTTA EXHIBITION seems likely to be in very fair working order by the opening day, December 4. The buildings are fast being completed, and the lighting arrangements made, for while the actual museum and buildings attached will be illuminated by electricity, gas will be used in the other courts and sections. Native potentates take the greatest interest in the affair, and are most very anxious to contribute, though some of the chiefs send rather comical exhibits, such as a magic tea-cup and a bottle of rose-wine. Amongst the most curious objects will be a rice-trophy—a large column of bottles, containing 5,000 specimens of rice from different parts of the Empire—a collection of vernacular newspapers, and a splendid array of rare brass curios, and coins collected by a late official at Fyzabad. Some of these coins date back to the heroic era, some belong to the time of Philip of Macedon and Alexander the Great, and many of the Bactro-Seythian coins are quite unique. The Bombay art-ware jewellery and fabrics will be one of the finest sections, some good art-ware also coming from Baroda, and wood-carving from Ahmedabad. Besides a large aquarium there will be a good-sized pond, close to the Museum, where a steam-launch will be placed, while as the other end is near the Victorian Court, an Australian fernery will be arranged there. At the opening ceremony the Viceroy will occupy a splendid marble dais, now being made in Vienna, and which will be surmounted by a gorgeous purple and gold canopy.



1. General Signal: "Hawsey Expects that Every Hound Will Do His Duty."—2. Some of the Hounds.—3. Landing the Kennel.—4. The Bugler has just Sounded the Assembly.—5. "Now, Lads, Get as Much Way on as You Like."—6. A Hound.—7. A Halt to Remount Hounds after a Bad Start.—8. Hare and Hound the Next Day.—9. "Please, Sir, Nearly all the 'Ounds in the Port Watch are Horse de Combat."—10. A Few Hounds the Next Day.

ENGLISH SPORTS ABROAD—A NAVAL PAPER-CHASE AT MALDONADO, RIVER PLATE



1. Aqueduct at Colosse.—2. Exterior of the Old Tower.—3. Group of Armorial Shields at Colosse.—4. A Fireplace in the Tower.
AN ANCIENT TOWER AT COLOSSE. NEAR LIMASOL, CYPRUS



THE FIRST MASONIC LODGE IN MOROCCO



THE Session re-opened in FRANCE on Tuesday. Merely formal business was transacted, the only measure in any way discussed being the Municipal Re-Organisation Bill. The Ministry, however, laid on the table a long and important statement on Tonquin affairs, which, though adding little to what was already unofficially known, shows clearly what diametrically opposite views on the subject are held by France and China. On September 6 the former proposed a French occupation of Tonquin, but that a neutral zone should be established in the extreme north of that territory. This zone should be administered by Annamite officials, but under the joint control of France and China. The town of Manho, in Yunnan, should be open to foreign trade on the same footing as the Chinese Treaty ports. To this, on October 16th, the Marquis Tseng replied that such proposals were not compatible with either Chinese interests or rights, and declared that if the *status quo ante* could not be maintained China would consent to no arrangement which would not "leave the Chinese Government the entire and exclusive right of action on the Red River." Any neutral zone must be situated between Kuang bin Kuan, far below the delta of the river, and the 20th degree of latitude. The Red River would certainly be opened to foreign trade, but only as far as Thrang Ho Kran, opposite Songtay. Thus it will be seen that the two Powers have come to a dead lock in their negotiations, both laying down as the prime basis of any settlement absolute dominion over Tonquin, and the control of the delta of the Red River. Meanwhile the French are making preparations for a definitive advance. Admiral Courbet has now a force of 7,000 troops at his disposal, and as the weather is now cool and dry an assault upon Songtay and Bac Ninh will shortly be made. Indeed he has already made an important reconnaissance. On the other side, the Chinese General Tso, the head of the war party, and the conqueror of Kashgar, has arrived at Shanghai with eight gunboats, while Major-General Mesny, a native of Jersey, who holds a high command in the Chinese army, admits that fighting the Black Flags really means fighting the Chinese army on a small scale, as China undoubtedly furnishes arms, munitions, and men to perpetuate a harassing war upon the French in Tonkin. Haiphong also, where the French garrison has been considerably reduced, is threatened with an attack of Black Flag pirates. Lieut. Viand, of the *Atalante*, who recently horrified his countrymen by sensational stories of French atrocities at Hue, has been cashiered by the Government.

To return for a moment to French internal affairs, the Radicals have fully made up their minds for an energetic campaign against M. Jules Ferry, and the first cry of battle has been raised by a Parisian Deputy, M. Maret, in an enthusiastic speech to his electors. Another Radical, M. Gatineau, intends to propose the expulsion of the Orleanist Princes, on the plea that, since the death of the Comte de Chambord, the Comte de Paris has posed as the pretender to the Crown of France. The Shaw incident and the Tonquin Expedition are both to be made burning questions for the Ministry, while the hydra-headed problem of finance will furnish endless opportunities for attack. Indeed, the Ministry have already begun badly in this direction, as the Budget Committee have rejected M. Tirard's proposition for balancing the Budget, and electing his opponent, M. Rouvier, as reporter, have determined to submit their own counter-propositions to the Chamber. There is little social news. The judicial changes authorised by the Chamber have now been accomplished, and 614 magistrates have been compelled to retire. In Paris a new step in female education has been taken by the opening of the Lycée Fénelon, the first establishment of the kind for girls in France. In theatrical circles much interest has been excited by the *début* at the Français, in Molière's *Amphytrion*, of Mlle. Bruck, a cousin of Sarah Bernhardt, and who promises to be a clever actress. The chief novelty is a five-act comedy at the Gynmase, *Autour du Mariage*, by MM. Gyp and Hector Crémieux. "Gyp," we should say, is the *nom de plume* of the Comtesse Mirabeau, who wrote the novel on which the play is founded.

IN TURKEY the disastrous earthquake in Asia Minor has excited general compassion. The Government has despatched doctors, provisions, and tents to the districts affected, where great distress prevails. There were several further severe shocks on Monday, and the inhabitants of Smyrna have been seriously alarmed, many for some days sleeping out in the open. Around Chesmeh and Vourla eight villages have been destroyed, and Vice-Admiral Lord John Hay, in a despatch to the Admiralty, gives the number of deaths as ninety-nine, and of persons injured as 200. Three thousand six hundred houses have been destroyed and 25,000 persons rendered homeless. Eleven towns and hamlets suffered from the effects of the shock. Monday's shock was also felt in Austria, Italy, Malta, and in Spain. In Scio also great damage has been done by the earthquake. Sixty-five lives have been lost, numerous villages have been ruined, and thousands of persons have been rendered homeless and absolutely destitute. At Constantinople the Sultan has requested Lady Dufferin to organise a Committee of Relief. His Majesty last week gave a dinner to Lord and Lady Dufferin, and decorated the latter with the Cheikhat Order of the First Class.

IN ITALY the Geodetic Conference at Rome have definitively adopted the resolution of their Committee that the Governments of the world should be urged to adopt one initial meridian of longitude and a universal hour. The Conference recommend that all longitudes should be reckoned solely from the meridian of Greenwich, as that meridian is the most extensively used at present, and that the point of departure of the universal hour and of cosmopolitan dates should be the mean noon of Greenwich, which coincides with the instant of midnight, or with the beginning of the civil day under the meridian situated at 12 hours or 180 degrees from Greenwich. A rider is added to this recommendation hoping that if the whole world adopts the Greenwich meridian and mean time England may see fit to take steps in favour of the unification of weights and measures by joining the Metrical Convention of May 20, 1875. The only political news is the resignation of the Minister of Marine, for reasons at present not known to the general public.

IN AUSTRIA the Delegations opened on Tuesday. There are changes in both the Austrian and the Hungarian Assemblies this year. In the former the Conservatives, Czechs and Poles, have a decided majority, while in the latter, owing to a difference of opinion between the Opposition and the Majority, the Left is not represented at all. The Austrian Delegation elected Prince Czartoryski President, and the Hungarian Delegation Cardinal Heynold. The estimates for the common Ministers of Foreign Affairs, War, Navy, and Finance, amount relatively to 500,000, 10,000,000, 950,000, and 9,800,000. The chief topic in Hungary this week has been a fatal duel at Temesvar, in which Count Stephan Batthyany was shot dead by Dr. Ludwig Rosenberg. The cause of the dispute was, as usual, a lady, Count Batthyany having married the daughter of a great landed proprietor, Heinrich Schossberger, to whom Dr. Rosenberg had previously been privately betrothed. On learning the public betrothal of Miss Schossberger with his rival, Dr. Rosenberg had challenged the Count, who, however, declined to fight, married the lady, and went to Italy for his

honeymoon. Thereupon Dr. Rosenberg published a letter, stigmatising him as a coward. This was too much for Count Batthyany, who returned, fought, and met his death.

IN INDIA, apart from the discussion on the Ilbert Bill, there is a very strong controversy with regard to the Bengal Rent Bill, and the *Calcutta Englishman* gives an analysis of the official opinions published by the *Gazette*. One half of them regard the Bill as a confiscation of landlords' rights, and an uncalled-for measure which, while not possessing the elements of a permanent settlement, is calculated to embitter the relations between landlords and tenants, and to foster litigation. A measure has now been finally passed by the Supreme Legislative Council which enables the Government to advance money for making improvements on land. A serious riot between Hindoos and Mahomedans occurred on the 13th inst. at Delhi, in which several persons were wounded.

CANADA has been greatly agitated by rumours of a Fenian plot to "remove" Lord Lansdowne, the new Governor-General, on his arrival in the *Circassian*. No untoward incident, however, occurred, and he was duly welcomed at Quebec by the Marquis of Lorne and all the members of the Dominion Government. On Tuesday morning Lord Lansdowne landed, driving to the Departmental Buildings, having been previously presented with an address from the Corporation, to which he made a suitable reply. At the Departmental Buildings the Marquis was sworn in by the Canadian Chief Justice, and the Marquis of Lorne stepped down from the dais in the front of the throne on the completion of the installation. On Wednesday Lord Lansdowne went on to Ottawa, where he received an enthusiastic reception. It is thought that the Irish Canadians will probably hold an indignation meeting to protest against Lord Lansdowne's appointment. The two men who were arrested for the illegal possession of dynamite at Halifax are still under examination. There has been a noteworthy increase in immigration during the past nine months—the number of persons settling in the Dominion being 91,779, as compared with 76,378 during the corresponding period of last year.

OF MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS much attention is excited in BELGIUM by a proposition to hold an International Exhibition in 1885, which is now being considered by the Cabinet.—GERMANY is startled by a serious outbreak of trichinosis at Emersleben, Magdeburg (Saxony). Two hundred and sixty-six persons have been attacked, and out of 134 houses only fifty are free from the disease.—IN RUSSIA the new Nihilist journal, *Westnik Narodnoi Voli*, contains a letter stated to have been written by Netschajeff, who states that he is still confined in the palace at St. Petersburg, and treated with great inhumanity. The letter was written in blood on a printed piece of paper, and in a great measure was illegible.—IN SPAIN the Cabinet has begun its career of reform by enacting that henceforward no officer is to hold a staff appointment for more than three years.—IN PORTUGAL a Ministry has been reconstructed under the Premier, Senhor Fontes Pereira de Mello, who himself takes the Ministry of War.—IN NORWAY the trial of the Minister of State, Mr. Selmer, for high treason, began on Saturday.—IN EGYPT cholera has reappeared in Alexandria.—IN THE UNITED STATES Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry arrived on Saturday evening at New York. The programme of the forthcoming World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exhibition at New Orleans has been issued by its organiser and director, Colonel C. A. Burke.—FROM WESTERN AFRICA we hear that Sir Frederick Goldsmid has arrived on the Congo. M. de Brazza was believed to have arrived at Stanley Pool, and it was thought probable that he would meet Mr. Stanley, and that the encounter would be of a friendly character.—IN SOUTH AFRICA the surrender of Cetewayo is confirmed, and he is now the "guest" of the British Commissioner.—FROM SOUTH AMERICA the Treaty of Peace has definitively been signed between Peru and Chili, the latter now officially recognising General Iglesias as President. On Tuesday accordingly the Chilean troops evacuated Lima, and General Iglesias entered the city as "Presidente Regenerado." In Ecuador Placido Caamano Don José Maria has been elected President by the Popular Convention.—Reports differ as to the loss of life and damage done during the recent massacres at Port-au-Prince, HAYTI, but the Haytian Consul at New York places the number of persons killed at 500.



THE QUEEN will probably leave Balmoral for Windsor on the 22nd prox. On Saturday Her Majesty, the ex-Empress Eugénie, and Princess Irene of Hesse drove to Glen Gelder Shiel, where they were joined by the Duchess of Connaught and Princess Beatrice on horseback. On Sunday the Queen and Royal Family attended Divine Service at Balmoral, where the Rev. A. Campbell officiated; and next evening Her Majesty gave a farewell dinner party to the ex-Empress, whose suite and a few other visitors subsequently joined the Royal party.—Her Majesty has presented Captain Shaw, of the Fire Brigade, with a handsome marble clock.

The Prince of Wales paid a short visit to Sandringham at the end of last week to inspect the improvements being made there. On Saturday night the Prince and Princess, with Prince Louis of Battenberg, went to the Lyceum Theatre. Next morning the Prince and Princess, with their daughters and Prince Louis, attended Divine Service; and subsequently the Princes called on Ismail Pasha. On Monday Prince Louis left Marlborough House for Portsmouth. During the shooting season the Prince of Wales will visit Sir R. Wallace at Sudbourn Hall, Suffolk.—While in residence at Trinity College, Cambridge, Prince Albert Victor will be under special tuition, and will therefore not attend the ordinary lectures; but he is to keep chapels and hall. In chapel he occupies the Master's pew; and in hall he dines at the high table, sitting on the President's right; while, as a further distinction, he wears a silk gown instead of the blue stuff usually worn by a Trinity undergraduate.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh are expected home this week, having stayed a few days at Darmstadt on their way from Coburg. Prince Christian and his daughters have returned from Germany.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught will only remain two or three days in Bombay on their arrival; but during their stay several parties will be given at Government House to enable European and native society to meet the Duke and Duchess.—The Duke and Duchess of Albany went to the Comedy Theatre on Tuesday night.—The Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne leave Quebec to-day (Saturday) in the *Sardinian*, and will probably reach Liverpool on the 5th prox.—The Duke and Duchess of Teck have gone to Florence for the winter.—Another of the Queen's granddaughters is engaged to be married, the Princess Victoria, second daughter of the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, to the Hereditary Prince of Anhalt. The betrothal will shortly be celebrated at the Prussian Court, the Princess being seventeen and her fiancé, Prince Leopold, twenty-eight years of age.

ANOTHER NEW GALLERY has been opened in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington—the section devoted to the mammalia, which are carefully classified after the same fashion as the birds.



OUR BISHOPS seem at present beneath the malign influence of an evil star. The Bishop of Peterborough, for whose recovery thanks were given on the 14th in the churches, and who was said to be on the point of starting for the south of Europe, has been again laid up with alarming symptoms and formation of new matter in the former abscess; the Bishop of London is said to be so enfeebled that he even contemplates resigning office; and the active Primate had to undergo on Saturday an operation for fistula, which, though no way dangerous, necessitates repose. In his enforced absence the foundation stone of the new parish schools at Croydon was laid on Monday by Mrs. Benson.

THE LAST PUBLIC ACT of the Archbishop was to officiate on Friday, St. Luke's Day, at the Consecration, in Lambeth Palace Chapel, of the Rev. A. W. Poole as Missionary Bishop in Japan. The honorary degree of D.D. was conferred on the new Bishop by the University of Oxford on the Saturday.

THE LUTHER COMMEMORATION in November bids fair to be worthy of the event. The Archbishop of York will preach in Westminster Abbey on the 11th, Mr. Spurgeon at Exeter Hall, Dr. Allon at Islington, &c., and there will be conferences throughout the week at Exeter Hall, under the presidency of the Earl of Shaftesbury, when papers will be read by Deans Howson and Perowne, Professor Stoughton, and possibly J. A. Froude; and where on Tuesday there will be a "Service of Song" by children from all the German schools in London, at which the famous Berlin Court preacher, Herr Stocker, will be present and deliver an address. An exhibition of relics of the Reformation will be open all the week in the Council Room. At Liverpool, Winchester, Chester, and very many cathedral towns there will also be special services on the 11th.

EXETER HALL was given up all Monday to the Salvationists for morning, afternoon, and evening services of "thanksgiving and consecration," to celebrate the arrival from Switzerland of Miss Catherine Booth and her fellow martyrs. An animated account of her arrest and trial was given by Miss Booth, accompanied in the morning by a "Song of Deliverance," composed by her in her prison at Neuchâtel. The law which she infringed, she was careful to explain, was not the old Constitutional law of Switzerland, but an arbitrary innovation of which the best lawyers in the Confederacy disapproved as much as she did. In every canton except Geneva and Neuchâtel the Army and its converts are left in peace.

A MEMORIAL BUST of John Rogers, the Birmingham martyr, translator (in part) and reviser of Matthew's Bible, and collaborator of Tyndale in his translation of the Scriptures into English, was unveiled on Saturday by the Mayor of Birmingham, in the Church of St. John's Deritend. Rogers was burned at Smithfield, in his fifty-fifth year, on the 4th of February, 1555.

ANOTHER CITY CHURCH will shortly disappear in the destruction of St. Matthew's, Friday Street, a parish which will henceforth be united with St. Vedast's, in Foster Lane. The proceeds of the sale of the site for warehouses and offices will go to build new churches in the suburbs.

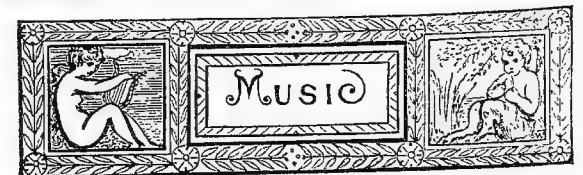
AN ANCIENT SAXON MONASTERY AND CHURCH have been found at Peterborough during the excavations for the restoration works of the cathedral. Masonry, &c., was found underneath, which is stated to be the portion of a monastery built there in 655, and burnt down in 870, some stones still showing traces of fire. A Saxon sarcophagus has also been found.

IN A VERY SENSIBLE LETTER to incumbents to whom deacons have been licensed, the Bishop of Lichfield is bold enough to declare that one original sermon a week is quite as much as a young curate can produce without detriment to other and equally important work. If more are wanted let him preach by way of homily sermons out of books which the Bishop names; they will be better spiritual food, both for his flock and for himself.

THREE THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED POUNDS are now all that is required to complete the fund for the endowment of the Bishopric of Southwell.

MR. GREEN will visit London for a season to take charge of the Church of St. John the Baptist, in South Kensington, during the absence from ill-health of the incumbent, Mr. Bowker.—The summons taken out last week by the Rev. W. Watson, curate in charge, against Mr. Fitzroy, of St. Jude's, for an assault, has been withdrawn. The church is still closed by order of the Bishop.

A WARMLY-WORDED PROTEST against the acceptance of a crossier has been forwarded to the Primate by the Evangelical Protestant Union. The crossier it says, was abolished at the Reformation as an "ensign of Popery," and offers of one have been recently rejected by prelates of the Scotch and Irish Churches. By setting himself against these precedents the Primate will "innovate the Ordinal of the Church of England."



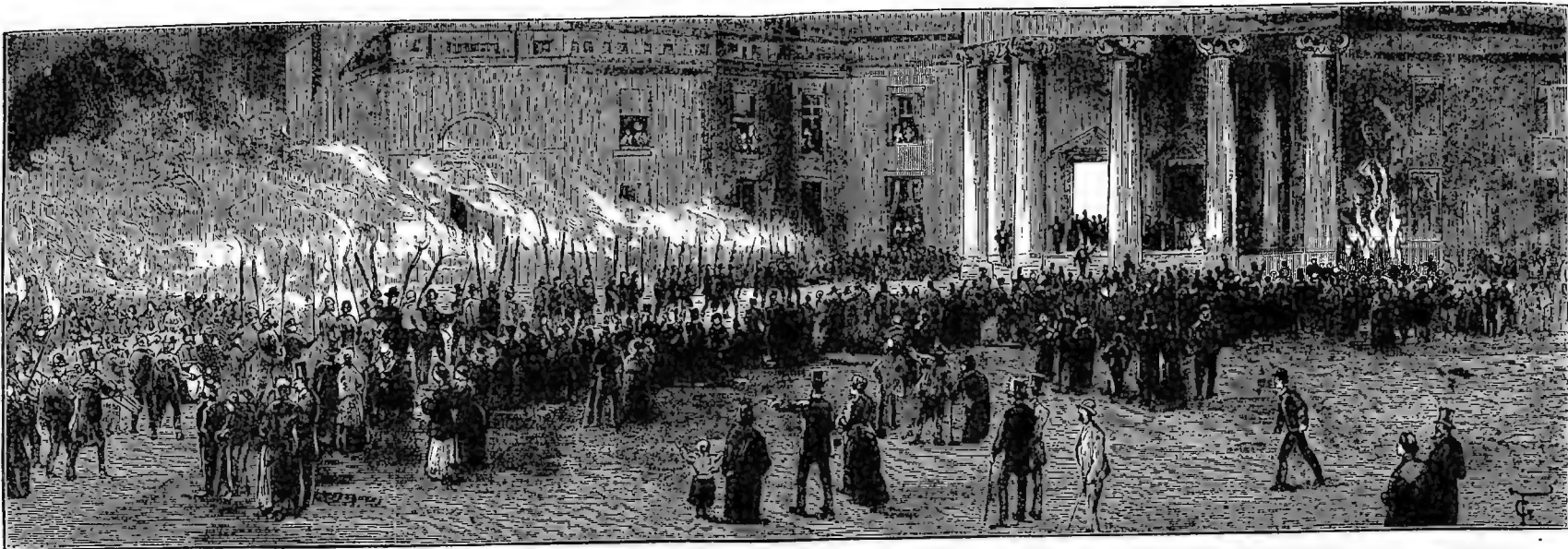
CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—Thesecond concert of the season took place last Saturday before a large and attentive audience. The programme, though brief, was for the greater part attractive. It contained only a single novelty, but that a novelty of signal interest—namely, *Endrücke und Empfindungen* ("Impressions and Feelings"), first of a set of characteristic pieces by Raff bearing a kindred title—No. 2 of these pieces, *Gespister-Reigen* ("Dance of Phantoms"); No. 3, *Elgie* ("Elegy"); and No. 4, *Die Jagd der Menschen*. The four together are intended to signify a generic whole, symbolising Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. The idea is happy, and its carrying out fanciful and masterly. That the work is very unequal, reveals much that is faulty, more that is incoherent, and, most of all, undue prolixity, cannot be denied. So much genuine grace and beauty would hide a larger number of sins, and, Raff's faults admitted, exhibits beauty in profusion. Sections 1, 2, 3, have already been heard at the Crystal Palace, not so No. 4 ("Winter"). The time for presenting the "Cycnus," or "Tetralogy," in a complete form cannot be far distant, and there can be small doubt that it will be heard ere long with as much satisfaction as its precursor. The great pianoforte concerto in E flat of Beethoven, the greatest of its order, is invariably listened to with infinite pleasure, when rendered with spirit and discretion, as at the second concert; and so that more than promising artist, Madame Helen Hopekirk, who played her very best, received the hearty applause due to her eminent ability. The whole came to an end with a selection from the *Meistersinger*, about which we have spoken often before.

Miss Alice Alcott's Concert, which we noticed last week, took

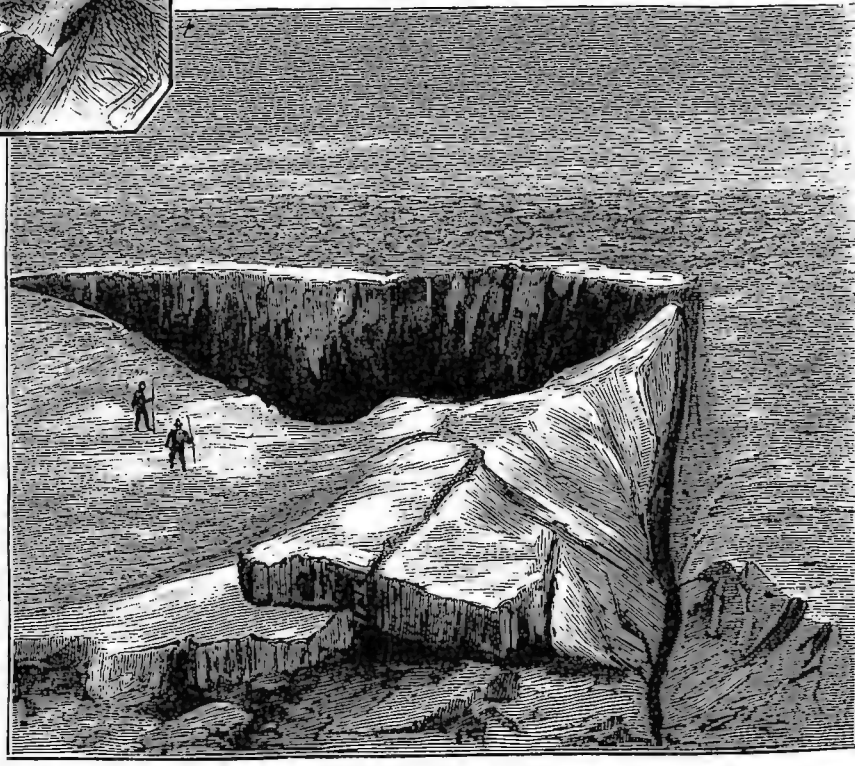
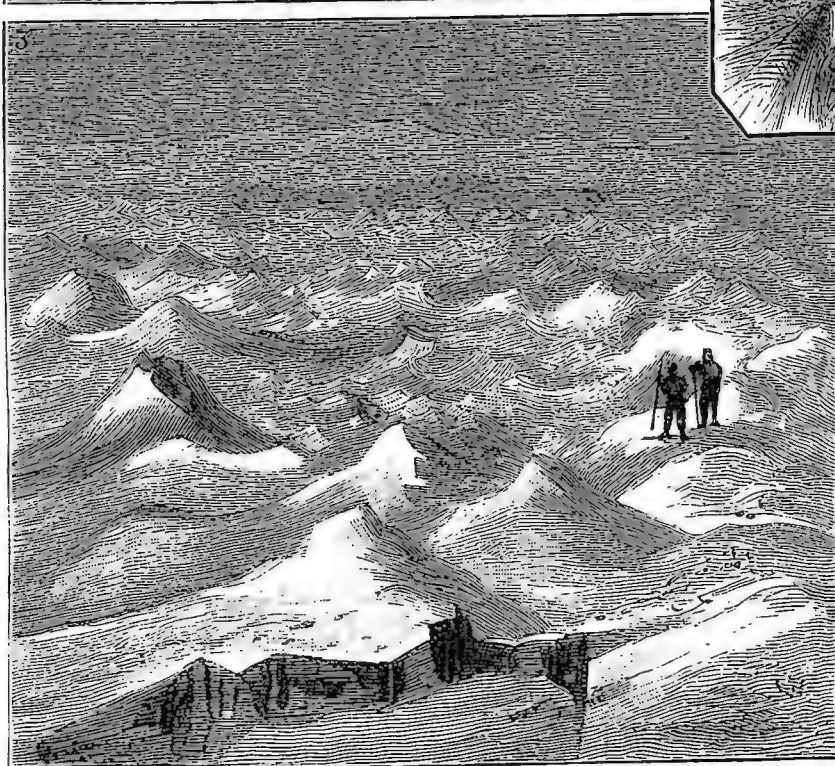
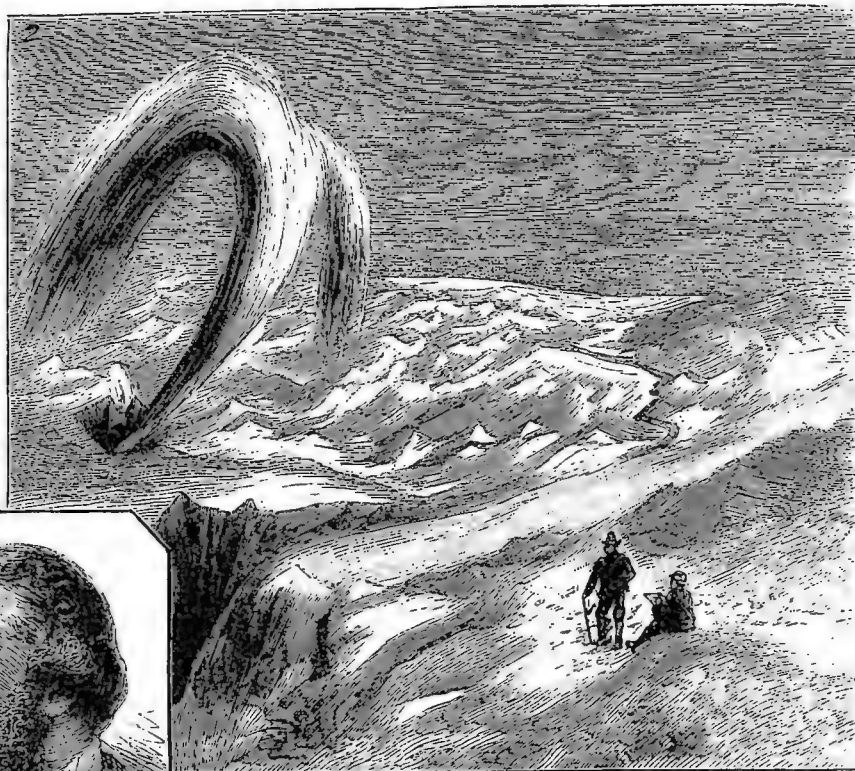
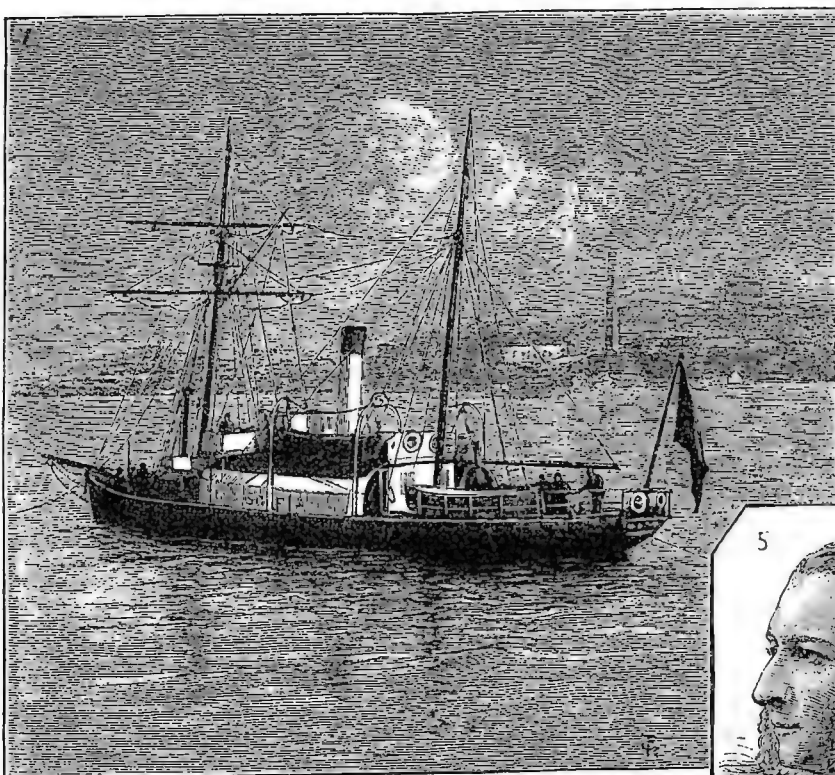


THEATRES

NOTE.—It was a book entitled "Old Violins and Their Makers" which originally appeared in the columns of the *Bazaar*, and not a book on "Gloves," as stated in our issue of October 13th.



THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA—FAREWELL DEMONSTRATION TO LORD LANSDOWNE AT BARONSCOURT, TYRONE, IRELAND, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF ABERCORN

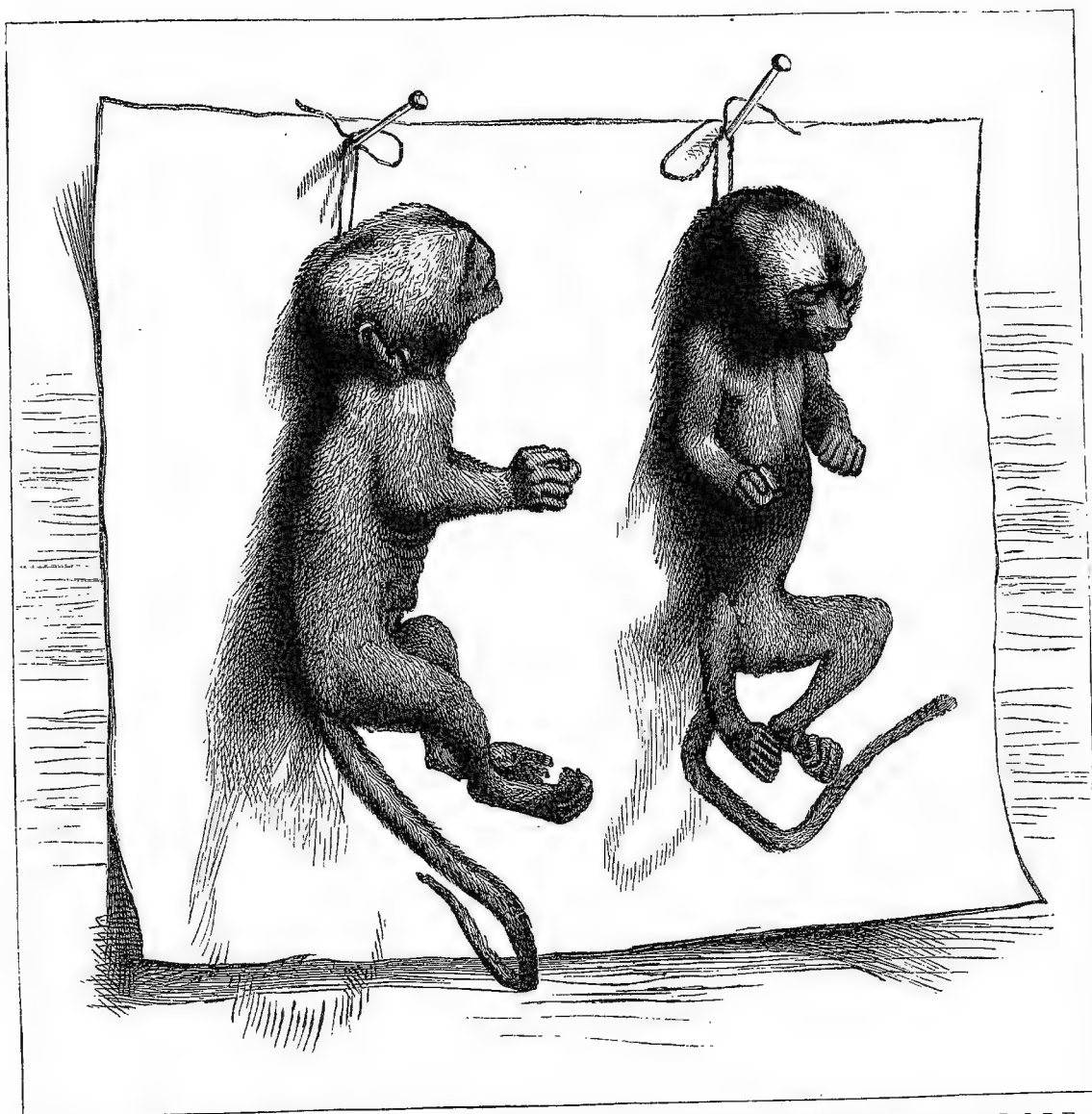


1. The "Sophia," Nordenskjöld's Exploring Vessel.—2. View of the Inland Ice in Greenland with Intermittent Hot Spring, Thirty Miles from the Coast.—3. The Inland Ice at the Furthest Point Reached by Human Beings.—4. View in the Interior, with Enormous Crevasse in the Ice.—5. Dr. Oscar Dickson, at whose Expense the Nordenskjöld Expedition was Equipped.

THE BABY
MARMOZETS

We give this week an illustration of the two baby marmozets the birth of which was announced in a letter to the *Times* on the 10th by Mr. Fred. S. Mosely, F.Z.S., of 448, Strand, to whom the parents belong. The great point of interest attaching to the occurrence is that this is believed to be the first case known of the breeding of marmozets in Europe. Professor Flower, Mr. Tegetmeier, and Mr. Bartlett went to Mr. Mosely's villa to see the young, and they say no previous account of breeding has come under their notice. There is the case of a birth at the Zoological Gardens of one of a much larger species, but the mother was *enroute* at the time of her arrival in this country. Mr. Mosely has at our request favoured us with the following particulars:—

"The pair were bought by Mr. Whittaker, of 10, Rathbone Place, on Oct. 10th, 1882, and I afterwards purchased them from him. They had, therefore, been in this country for twelve months. They are the *Hapale jacchus* (Linn.), whose habitat is South-East Brazil. Since I have had them they have become very tame, and will feed out of the hand. I had noticed an increase in the size of the lady, but attributed it to the growth of the winter coat, as I had always understood they will not breed in Europe. I was much astonished



TWO YOUNG MARMOZETS, THE FIRST EVER BRED IN EUROPE
ENGRAVED LIFE SIZE

when the servant who attends to all my pets came to me in the morning with the news: 'Please, sir, there are some young monkeys.' I am afraid it was owing to my not having any experience or knowledge of what to do that led to one little one dying in twenty-four, and the other in seventy-two, hours. Since my letter to the *Times* I have received many communications on the subject. All the cases of other births mentioned occurred about twenty or thirty years ago, and it is doubtful whether they were of marmozets at all. I shall be thankful for whatever information any of your readers can give."

ONE OF THE GREAT TREASURES IN THE HOHENZOLLERN MUSEUM at Berlin is a fragment of wood from an ancient pear-tree at the foot of the Untersberg, near Salzburg, which, according to tradition, would blossom and bear so long as the German Empire flourished, but would die with the fall of the Imperial power. In 1806, when the Empire was dissolved and the Confederation of the Rhine formed, the tree withered away, and the poet Chamisso alluded to the old legend in one of his poems. The tree remained lifeless for over sixty years, but in 1871, after the establishment of the new German Empire, the old trunk suddenly put forth branches, blossomed, and bore fruit.

White Rook

White Bishop

White Rook

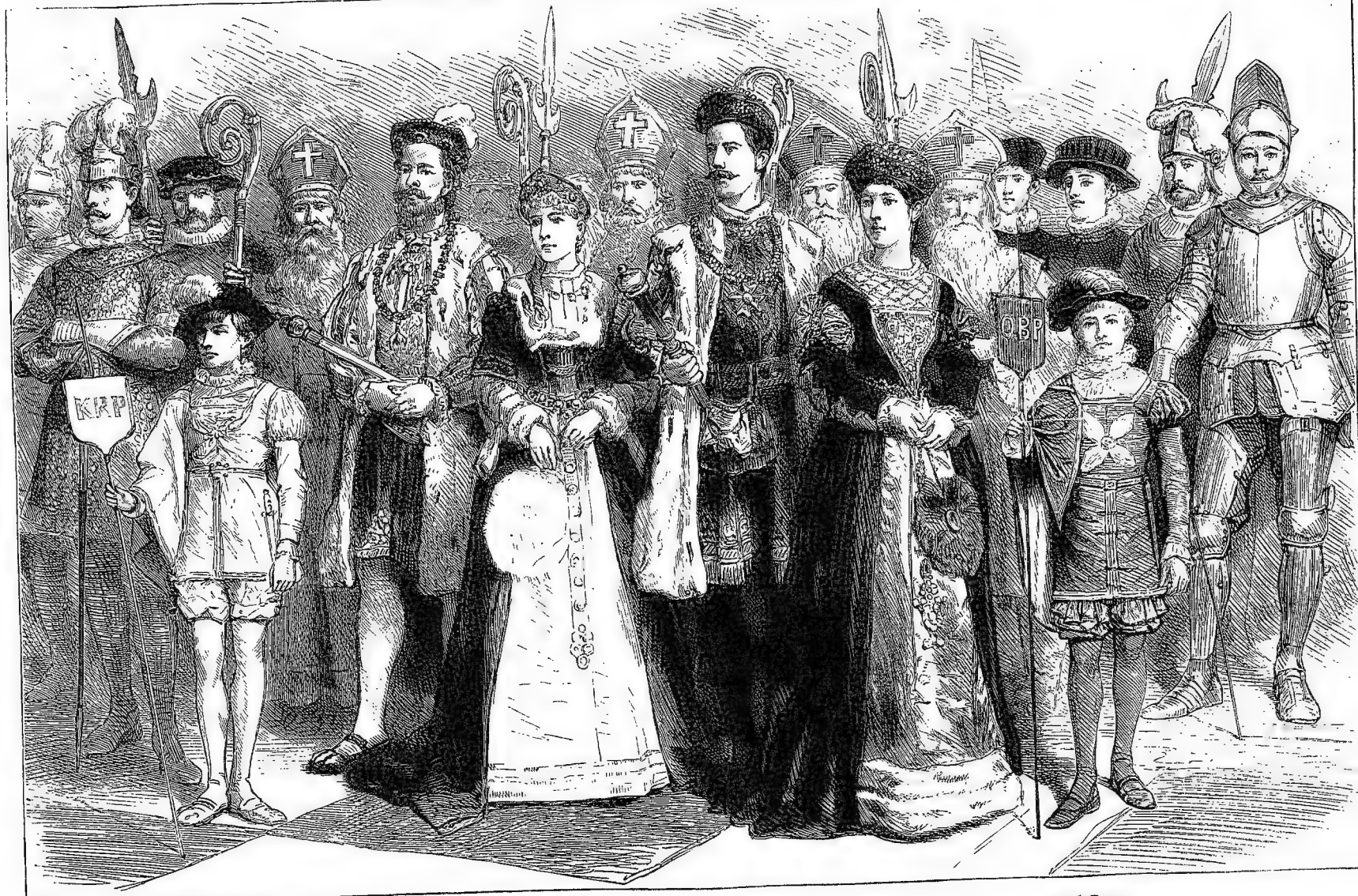
White Bishop

Black Bishop

Black Bishop

Black Rooks

Black Knights



White Knights

White Pawn

White King

White Queen

Black King

Black Queen

Black Pawn

A CHESS TOURNAMENT WITH LIVING PIECES AT BRIGHTON



THE CLOSING DAYS of Lord Coleridge's American tour have been perhaps the most enjoyable of all. Fresh from his brilliant reception by the New York Bar, he passed to Philadelphia, where he addressed the students of Haverford College on the study of the poets—Shakespeare the first; then Milton, the best of models for the orator; and lastly Wordsworth, too much neglected in America. At Washington again were grand receptions at Mr. Freylinghousen's, attended by the President, the Cabinet, and the Judges of the Supreme Court, and, last of all, a return to New York as the guest of Mr. Vanderbilt. Mr. C. Russell, now leader in the O'Donnell case, sails for home a week before his chief. The procession of judges on the opening day of term will thus lack one of its most familiar faces.

MUCH SYMPATHY has naturally been inspired by the suicide of an Afghan doctor, Mahomet Ismail Khan—a Prince in his own land—who had spent his scanty means in studying medicine at University College, and unable to obtain employment here, or to return home as a political refugee, had no alternative but to come upon his friends or end his days by poison. He bequeathed his body to the hospital for dissection as "the Afghan Skeleton."

SENTENCE OF DEATH was passed last week on Cole, the Thornton Heath murderer. Mr. Justice Denman sternly overruling a plausible attempt to prove insanity; and on Powell, the cold-blooded assassin of his employer's son, young Mr. Bruton, whose skull was beaten in by repeated blows of a heavy chisel; and of twenty years' penal servitude on Thomas Webb for the burglary at Major Tiliard's. The prisoner's lodgings in Garden Row, it will be remembered, were a store-house of burglar's tools.

LEWIS PARRY, of Liverpool, a married man, has been committed for trial for the murder of Susanna Hutton, a young seamstress in his employ. The two were seen drinking together at a tavern forty minutes before the struggle by the canal, and Parry has been identified by a watchman named Stebbing as the man whom he encountered shortly after, pale and drenched with water to the waist, but let go in the absence of any sufficient reason for his detention. The death of the girl was not, however, caused by drowning, but by horrible wounds from some sharp instrument.

THE EXAMINATION OF WATERS, charged with complicity in the River Plate Bank frauds, has been adjourned till Tuesday next for the production of fresh evidence.—Catherine Flanagan, the alleged Liverpool poisoner, has for the same reason been remanded for a week.

THE REPOSE OF SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE at St. Paul's was again broken by the irrepressible Herbert Freund, who yelled at the preacher during his sermon, and was with difficulty carried out, kicking and biting, by the verger and a policeman. Placed in the dock on Monday, he fairly shouted down the Lord Mayor, foaming with rage when the verger appeared in the witness-box, and had to be sent to the cells till the afternoon. His conduct even then was little better, and he was remanded until Friday for a medical inquiry into his state of mind. His plea is that he has a mission from Heaven, which he must deliver at any cost.

SOME CURIOUS REVELATIONS of Vestrymen's appetites at their Assessment Committee dinners were made last week, to the great annoyance of many of his hearers, by a Mr. Kelly, at the Clerkenwell Vestry. The particular member who was taken as an example had commenced the day with a dozen "snacks" and "nips" of sausages, bread and cheese, pale ale, dry sherry, soda and brandy, and champagne, and then (the business of assessment over), sat down to the more serious work of dinner at "the Gate," where he "lapped up" two soups, half a turbot, a slice of turkey, two lamb chops, some boiled ham, and marmalade pudding. The gourmand fortunately did not die, though he thought it best not to attend the meeting, and Mr. Kelly's motion for a reduction of a penny in the rates came to naught. Still many will agree with him in thinking that appetites like these can hardly be appeased for the professed allowance of 100*l.* yearly.



THE TURF.—When the wretched weather which attended the Houghton Meeting at Newmarket last year, and culminated in a most fearful storm on what should have been the Cambridgeshire day, is remembered, there is every reason for visitors to the famous Heath this week to congratulate themselves. In all respects the meeting, which has extended over six working days, has been a very interesting and successful one, and the presence of the Prince of Wales, with a whole host of home and foreign notabilities, has caused it to pass off with special *clat*. A good animal in the shape of Geheimnis led off by winning the Trial Stakes, beating Toast-master, Lowland Chief, and four others, and showing, in conjunction with her recent success at Kempton, that had she been reserved for the Cambridgeshire she would have been there or thereabouts in the race. Export won the Flying Stakes in good style for the Duke of Hamilton, and consequently still further raised his stable companion and burning hot Cambridgeshire favourite, Medicus, in the market. Royal Fern, on his Middle Park running a fortnight ago, was naturally made first favourite for the old-fashioned Criterion Stakes, but he could not carry his 4*lb.* penalty in front of Talisman and Archiduc, the latter of whom won easily from the former by four lengths. The winner reminds many racing judges of the great Gladiateur, and there are many things more unlikely than that he may follow in his steps next year's Derby. The great short-distance handicap, the Cambridgeshire, was set for Tuesday, and seldom, if ever, has it supplied a hotter first favourite than in Medicus on this occasion. For a long time the Duke of Hamilton's horse had held this position, which was almost justified by what he was known to be able to do at home in company with such horses as Vibration, Ossian, and Cosmos. If ever a stable had good trying tackle certainly Marsh had, and it was almost impossible to think that any mistake could be made. Less than 2 to 1 was his starting price in a field of no less than twenty-five horses, such a dead certainty was the race considered. Hackness, last year's winner, and second in the recent Cesarewitch, was backed freely at 4 to 1, and Tonans at 10; while Master of Arts, who had taken the place of his stable companion, Don Juan, the Cesarewitch winner, was supported at 12 to 1. Thebais and Hamack were next in demand, and any number of outsiders stood at from 100 to 200 to 1. The start was a good one, and the race fairly run. Most of the favourites showed well in the struggle, which seemed at last left to Tonans, Medicus, Hackness, and Thebais. But Bendigo, who had also showed prominently, but had bored away to the side of the course opposite the judge's box, was really with the leaders, and won by a neck from

Tonans, with Medicus third, and Hackness fourth. Till the numbers went up no one but the judge could tell which horse had won, and, when that of Bendigo went up, something like a stroke of paralysis seemed to seize not a few spectators. A 50 to 1 chance had been landed by some fortunate few, the fact of the horse having been amiss for some days after his prominent running in the Cesarewitch, and of his neck showing recent blister marks, stalling off backers. May not this be a case, by no means unprecedented but apparently little remembered, of an animal winning a big race, owing to his having had some days of enforced rest? The Dewhurst Plate, which since its institution in 1875 has been won almost invariably by a first-class two-year old, did not evoke the usual amount of interest, as several of the best performers among the youngsters were out of it. Busy-body, with the extreme penalty on, was made first favourite in a field of ten, but she failed to carry it first past the post, having to put up with second honours to Sir J. Willoughby's Hermit-Adelaide filly. The sporting match for 500*l.* a side, which brought back memories of old times, between the Duke of Portland's St. Simon and the Duke of Westminster's Duke of Richmond (late Bushey), was won easily by the former, who had 2 to 1 laid on him at the start. Unfortunately, neither of these crack youngsters are in any of next year's classic races.

COURSING.—At Gosforth Park the St. Leger, contended by 150 puppies, was divided between Mr. Binell's Byron and Mr. Marshall's Cocklaw Dean, and the Gosforth Stakes for sixty-four of all ages between Mr. Graham's Kate Macpherson and Mr. Dunn's Woodpecker.—At the Ridgway Club (Lytham) Meeting all the chief stakes underwent the unsatisfactory process of "division," Mr. Fletcher and Mr. Swinburne sharing the Clifton Cup by the aid of Forard Away and Windabout, and Mr. Fawcett and Mr. Fletcher the Lytham Cup by the aid of Folle Farine and Formby Light.

FOOTBALL.—In the Football Association Challenge Cup contest now begun Great Lever has beaten Astley Bridge by four goals to two; and the Blackburn Rovers Southport by seven to none.—For the Scottish Cup, which is now in the third round, Queen's Park has beaten Cowdairs; the Glasgow Rangers Falkirk; and Vale of Leven Renton.—Cambridge University has beaten the Old Harrovians by six goals to one; and Oxford University the Old Foresters by two to none.—Upton Park has beaten Woolwich Academy by three goals to none. All the above games were under Association rules.

ATHLETICS.—Ever-increasing interest seems to be taken in the running of Messrs. George and Snook. An immense number of spectators were present to see them run their mile match, at Lillie Bridge, on Saturday last. The general impression certainly was that George would win, but few were prepared to see him do it easily enough by fifteen yards; Snook apparently never being "in it." The winner's time was 4 min. 26¼ sec. Last June Mr. George ran a mile in 4 min. 19.4-5 sec. Wishing to eclipse this time and attain a still better "best on record," assisted by several crack runners, he essayed the task, "on his own hook," at Lillie Bridge, on last Wednesday a forenoon. He could, however, only achieve a 4 min. 25.4-5 sec. record.



J. BATH.—A sprightly and coquettish song is "So Shy," by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone and Odoardo Barri; it is published in three keys, and may be sung by any female voice. The words are not appropriate for a man to sing.—Of the same type, for a mezzo-soprano, is "Caught Napping," words by the above writer, music, in his happiest vein, by W. C. Levey. Both these songs will find favour at a musical reading, the season for which class of entertainment is now close at hand.—H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone has supplied C. H. Marriott with some touching and sad words entitled "An Old Album," to which the composer has done full justice. This song is of medium compass.—By the same composer is a pleasing ballad, "Echoes from Afar," words by E. Oxenford; suitable for a light contralto voice.—"Only to Meet Again" is a very pretty song of a somewhat desponding character, written and composed by Fred C. Milford; published in three keys.—Worthy of all praise is "When All the World is Young, Lad," poetry by the Rev. Charles Kingsley, music by Corney Grain; this song is of medium compass.—"Chloe" is a piquant song, written and composed by Herbert Harraden. It has an additional banjo accompaniment, which has a very good effect.—There is a lack of novelty in "The Soubrette Polka," by C. H. R. Marriott, but it is spirited and good for dancing.

MESSRS. STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.—Two dull and somewhat pretentious songs, music by C. R. Tennant, are:—"The Song of the Heart," words, which are worthy of a better setting, by Mary J. Murchie; and "Near and Dear," poetry by Mary Cowden Clarke.—A descriptive song of a very original type is "The Child of the South," published in two keys; A (the original key), and C. We prefer it in the former to the latter.—"Farewell" is the name of a poem by the Rev. F. L. Meares, M.A., (suggested by Shelley's "Good Night"), with which it will bear no favourable comparison; set to music of a very commonplace and halting description by Ernest Ford.—"Mary Stuart," a *scena* written by Miss Louisa Courtenay, music by Sir Julius Benedict, a highly dramatic composition, must be well and intelligently studied to do it justice.—"The Promised Land," written and composed by Jessie Moir and Frank Moir, a pathetic, clever song which will take well at a ballad concert.—Remarkably bright and singable, with plenty of go in it, is "Echoes," a part song for mixed voices, words by Moore, music by C. A. Macrone.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EVER, AND CO.—The *Organist's Quarterly Journal*, Part LX., Vol. 8, continues to hold its own, and is rendered rather more interesting this number by the introduction of Mozart's celebrated duet from *Il Flauto Magico*, well arranged by George Hepworth. There is the first movement of a "Fantasia in Three Movements," by W. Spark, Mus. Doc., a musically composition; the other two movements will appear in future parts. "Impromptu," by W. H. Maxfield, very well written and not difficult; "Fantasie," by Julius Kalterfeldt, a clever work; and a "Postlude," by Fred J. Read, worthy of the position it occupies with such good surroundings.

EDWIN ASHDOWN.—From hence comes a work of great utility by William Spark, Mus. Doc. It is called "A Practical School for the Organ," it should be placed in the hands of all beginners, and will prove a valuable aid to their studies.—Equally useful in its way is "Twenty-Five Studies for the Pianoforte," by Georges Pfeiffer, intended as an introduction to the celebrated studies of J. B. Cramer; they will be found excellent practice, and are well worthy the attention of all teachers.

MISCELLANEOUS.—"Give Me Back My Heart," the words, hitherto unpublished, ascribed to the Marquess of Montrose (1612-1650) are quaint, the music by Ernest Bergholt is flowing and melodious, well suited to the poetry (Messrs. Metzler and Co.).—A nice easy drawing-room song for a tenor voice is "Shall Love E'er Die?" words by Wallace Oakleigh, music by Albert D'Archambaud (Messrs. Conrad Herzog and Co.).



WHEAT SOWING.—Advising farmers as to their wheat sowings, a well-known writer on the subject says, "Thus seedling and early sowing are best for the wheat plant whatever the condition of the land, for a very good reason, as properly conducted autumn tilling could scarcely fail to ensue, and there is not only the advantage of a thicker plant being secured from three to four pecks of seed, than would be obtained from the customary seedling of from eight to ten pecks in November, but of having it much more robust and healthy. The true cause of this is not sufficiently known, although Jethro Tull fully explained it a century and a half ago. The fact is, the wheat plant very much dislikes root-crowding; if single corns are dropped into the ground about four inches apart from each other, a regular forest of branches will be sent out from the root, but if the grain be put in thickly, the stalks will spindly up and become weakly."

WHEAT PRICES.—The above remarks contain good practical advice, but the farmer will yet have one question to ask himself before he puts the wheat into the ground. Will it pay to grow it? The present position of the wheat trade is undoubtedly serious, and the prices now prevailing are so low, that many farmers will think twice before trusting to a crop which is liable to become cheap beyond the limit of possible profit to the English grower. Just now the best wheat from Calcutta can be bought at 38*s.* 6*d.*, while the secondary qualities are down to 34*s.* Russian wheat is almost as cheap, ranging from 35*s.* to 40*s.* per quarter, while the fine white wheat of New Zealand, grown in a climate greatly resembling our own and weighing as well, is to be had for 41*s.* and 42*s.* per quarter. Most country markets quote English wheat at 38*s.* to 42*s.*, and, with a large accumulation of stocks, millers show no haste to buy. Thus, not only can farmers hardly hope for a price remunerating them for growing an ordinary wheat sample, but they cannot at all depend upon being able to sell it when in need of money; unless, indeed, they accept an altogether disastrous loss. The probabilities are that, while the soils particularly suited to wheat-growing and famous for fine white wheat will continue under such cultivation, the soils less fit, and those on which red wheat of secondary quality is usually produced, will gradually change from wheat to pasture land.

THE AUTUMN, thus far, has been in farmers' favour, and if 1883 is to be robbed of a favourable character for agriculturists, it will probably be through the bad state of the markets, and not through the bad state of the fields. Both September and October have had a fair but not an excessive rainfall; there have been quite as many fine days of dry crisp air as farmers wanted to get through their threshings on; while the ground has favoured the lifting of potatoes, and the nights have not been so cold but that the hardier cattle could remain out. Winds have shaken the Devonshire orchards, anticipating the ingathering of a good cider harvest.

THE PLOUGH.—From the Thames to the Ganges, the animal anciently connected with the ploughing of the soil was not the horse but the ox. In the less advanced countries the plough drawn by oxen continues to be one of the most familiar of sights, but in lands where "scientific farming" has obtained the upper hand the horse has generally replaced the ox. The advantages of the latter animal have not disappeared, however, and with the gradual establishment of a high level of value for beef, the use of the ox for food after it has become unfit for draught purposes is again having attention. The speed of the horse is, of course, far greater than that of the oxen-drawn plough, but the fact is that farms are not always—we may say not generally—driven at the high rate of pressure of city life. The farmer has often plenty of time to get through the ploughing in a leisurely manner, and the Sussex and Gloucestershire farmers, who still yoke oxen to the plough, are not less prosperous than Lincolnshire or Kentish agriculturists, who would probably now regard the custom as almost barbarous.

CATTLE.—Mr. Dent Dent, the late President of the Royal Agricultural Society, does not believe that it is much good hoping for a prohibition of foreign cattle being imported. He, therefore, apparently looks upon foot-and-mouth disease as an evil like poverty, which we are bound to "have with us always." Much, however, he thinks might be done by farmers keeping their herds to themselves, building good covered yards, and not buying stock, but from the cattle they already possess breeding steadily until the number of animals on the farm equals the capabilities of its acreage.

ENGLISH CHEESE must be very badly made not to be nicer eating than the ordinary American sorts. This may be affirmed to be the judgment of most cheese eaters, and Cheshire farmers are taking steps to bring their cheese up to a quality from which it never should have been let decline. The prices now making for good English cheese are neither discouraging nor unremunerative, but the wretched cheese met with in many parts of England, and throughout Wales, does not in truth deserve to fetch more than the miserable rates at which it is actually saleable. A large show has just been held at Chester, the county of which this quaint old city is the capital possessing 100,000 milch cows, 65,000 of them kept for cheese production alone, and yielding nearly nine thousand tons, say from 50,000*l.* to 60,000*l.* worth, per annum. At the show just held the competition was very good, especially for the best twenty cheeses owned by any dairy farmer in Cheshire. The open prizes for factory cheese fell to the Duke of Westminster, whose wife distributed the rewards after one of the most successful shows and fairs ever held in Chester.

ENGLISH FARMERS continue to pour into Manitoba, and though the land speculators who invest rising colonies are said to have recently been "badly hit" over Winnipeg and Regina properties, yet the influx of *bonâ fide* agricultural immigrants continues as satisfactory to our Canadian friends as it is full of significance to ourselves. The wealth of the Manitoba corn-lands appears unquestionable. The Hon. Mr. Acton Burrows recently published, as Under Secretary of State for Agriculture, an account in which he put the average wheat production at twenty-five bushels. A somewhat raucous attack in an opposition paper has now induced Mr. Burrows to write to nearly four hundred practical farmers in Manitoba, with the result that his original estimate and statement is more than endorsed.

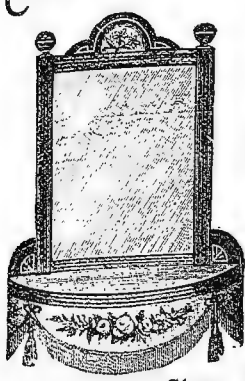
MOUNTAINEERING IN THE HIMALAYAS is beset with many obstacles besides the actual physical difficulties of the ground. Mr. Graham has been long delayed in his attempt to ascend Kinchinjunga by the desertion of his coolies, and according to the last accounts was still waiting at Jhongri, where there is a solitary rest-shed for the shepherds who graze their cattle on a neighbouring plateau. As the box containing Mr. Graham's money and food supplies was lost over a precipice, the party, consisting of Mr. Graham, two Swiss guides, and three faithful coolies, entirely depended on their stock of rice. All efforts are being made at Darjeeling to send supplies and coolies, but the Hillmen are unwilling to go, and ask exorbitant terms.

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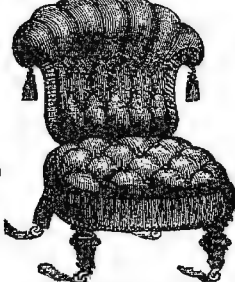
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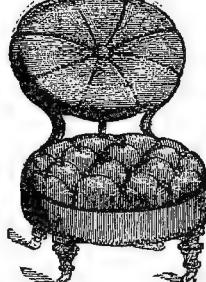
The Bass Lady's Easy Chair.

Stuffed, very soft, £1 14s. Ditto, all Hair, £1 17s. Gentleman's ditto with arms, larger size to match, £2 12s. 6d.



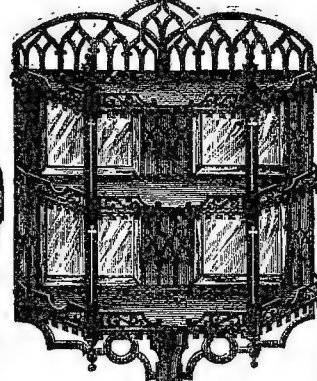
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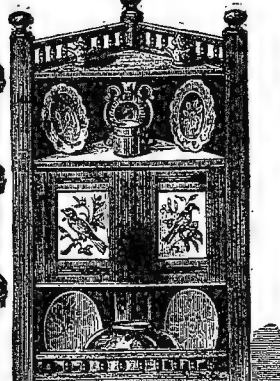
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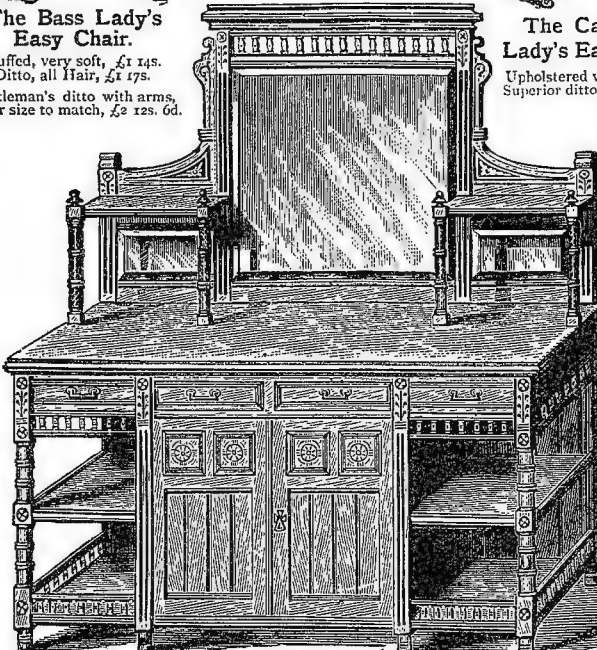
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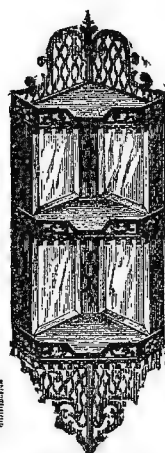
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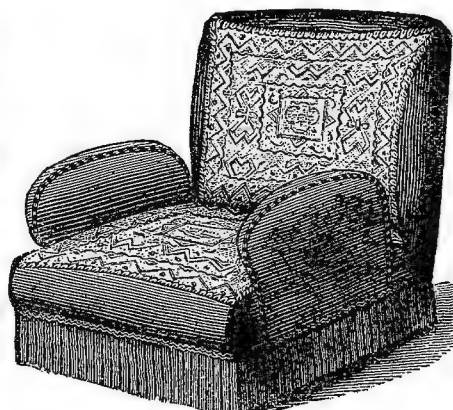
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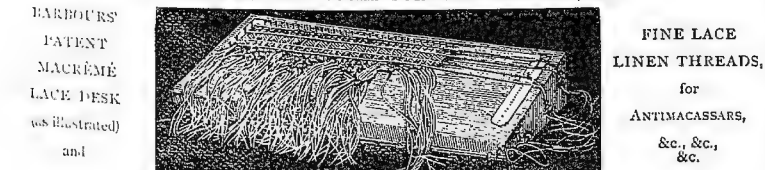
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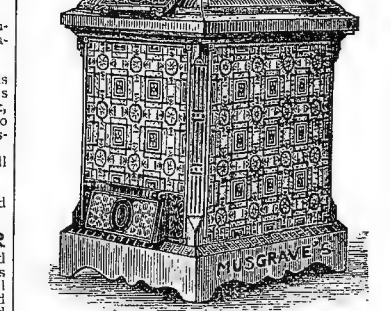
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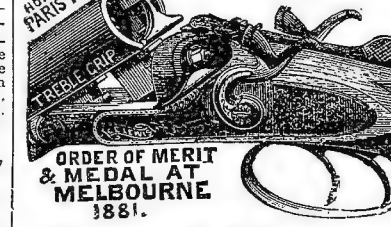


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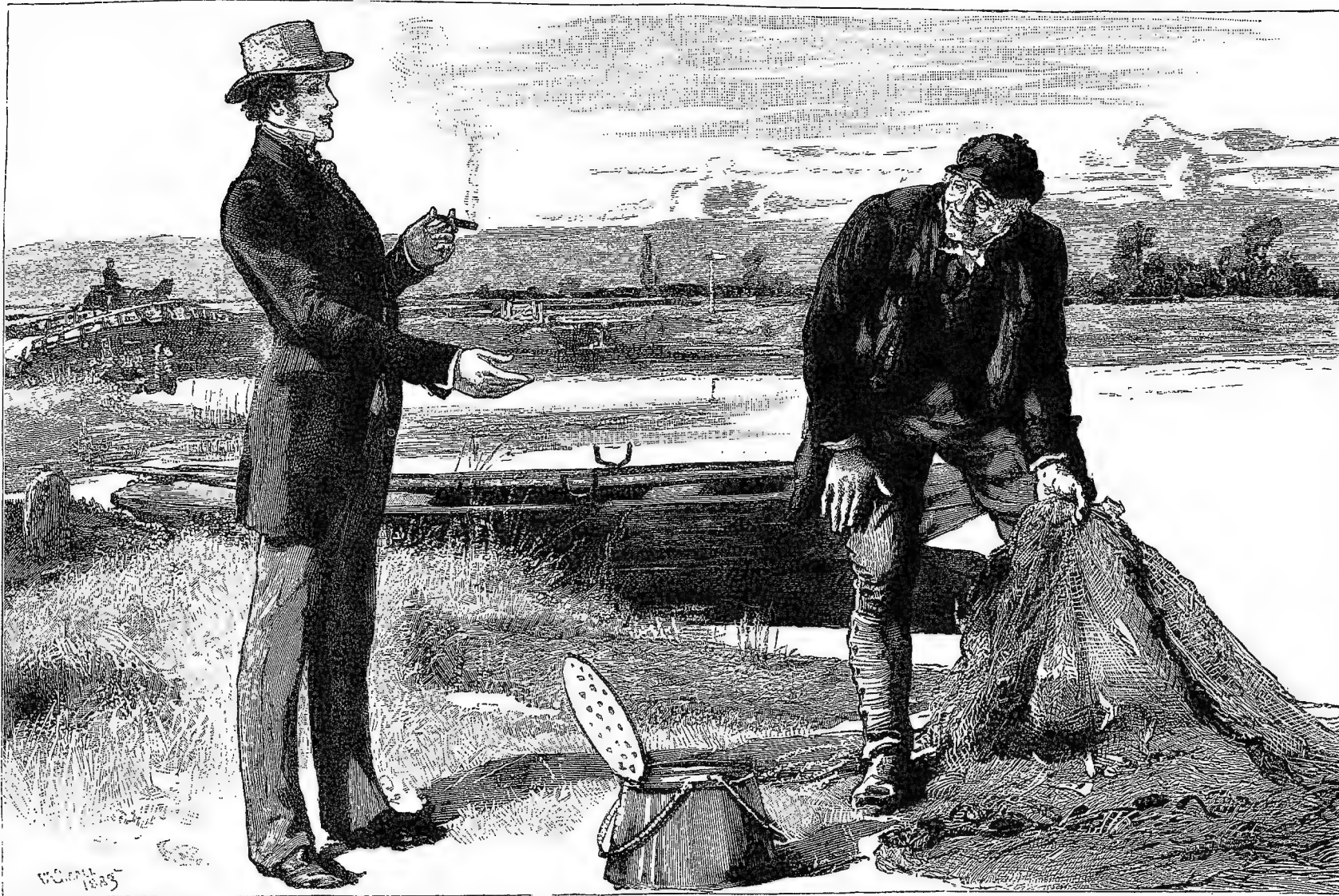
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DRAWN BY WILLIAM SMALL

Bunce scrubbed his wet hand violently upon his trousers before he would take mine, which I held out to him.

THIRLBY HALL

By W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "NO NEW THING," &C.

CHAPTER XXII. (continued).

"I WISH this was one of the places where I was not," said Lady Constance, with another yawn. "Did you ever in all your life meet with such a set of insufferable bores as we had here this evening?"

"I must confess," answered I, "that I found them very amusing."

"And I found them as stupid as owls. It is bad taste to speak against one's own country; but I must say that I think the stupidity of the English people is only equalled by their sanctimonious self-complacency. When one reads the stuff that is published every morning in the form of leading-articles, one doesn't know whether to laugh or to hide one's head. Because we set up a glass house in Hyde Park three years ago, and chose to play at universal peace, we are overcome with righteous indignation when we find that, after all, the Millennium hasn't begun yet, and that people still continue to throw stones. It is agreed by all thoughtful British merchants that war is an anachronism, and therefore it follows that the Emperor of Russia has provoked the present war, and that he ought to be denounced as the enemy of the human race. Yet Russia must have Constantinople some day and England must have Egypt: these are geographical necessities, as any one may see by looking at the map. But it would never do to recognise the truth; so we join in an absurd expedition, which we shall be very lucky if we escape from without a crushing defeat, and in the mean time, by way of showing that war is an outrage upon civilisation for which we were utterly unprepared, we send out an army that isn't fit to take the field, and allow it to starve."

"We shall lick the Russians, all the same," said I.

"How do you know? I don't think we shall; and I am better acquainted with Russia than you are. Anyhow, I must be allowed to relieve my feelings by abusing these people, who are more infuriating in private life than they are in public. After all, I am an Irishwoman, not an Anglo-Saxon; so I have a right to despise them and their hypocrisy and humbug. I do despise them from my heart; but, for all that, I am ruining myself in purse and patience by trying to become a social power amongst them, and hardly a day passes that I don't stoop to flatter some foolish old woman in order to get asked to her parties. How do you account for that now?"

I shook my head, not having an explanation ready.

"The game is not worth the candle," she went on. "I know that perfectly well; yet I can't resist playing it. I often wonder why I should take such pains to secure what I don't want, and shan't care about when I get it—if I ever do get it."

"Well," I said, "I suppose it is the pursuit that you enjoy. There is no grander sport than riding after a fox; but one doesn't want to carry his body home; one doesn't even care much about his brush."

"Really," said Lady Constance, "you have gleams of intelligence. I think I will stay at home and talk to you for a little,

instead of going on to a ball. Now tell me—have you repented of coming to London yet?"

"No," I answered; "why should I repent? I came to London to be near you—and here I am."

She laughed a little at this succinct reply; and presently I remarked: "What a pretty house you have got!"

"Oh, yes," she answered, carelessly; "I am in funds just now, you see, thanks to your friend Chapman. His information turned out to be most timely, and I believe he has profited by it; though not, of course, to the same extent that I have. He tells me, however, that he has been able to pay some outstanding bills."

"You often see him, don't you?" I asked, wondering whether she had any suspicion of Harry's identity.

"Not very often; but oftener than I like; for I still think him a rather despicable little person. In a certain sense, though, I am under obligations to him, and since it seems to give him pleasure to be admitted into the house, I don't send him away. When he comes, he generally talks about you, and praises you up to the skies. Have you paid him to blow your trumpet?"

I said I believed he was really attached to me.

"He may be. Indeed, I think he must be," Lady Constance agreed; "for the other day, when he said how kind you had been to him, his eyes became quite watery. Of course that may have been only the effect of drink, though."

"He has given up drink; he told me so himself," I said.

"That, perhaps, is not absolutely convincing proof of the fact. Still, I daresay he is your friend—or means to be so." And then a peculiar smile overspread Lady Constance's face, and lingered there so long that at last I asked her what she was laughing at.

"I was only thinking of some things that he said," she replied.

"I believe he imagines that I might be induced to marry you, and he is evidently very desirous of bringing about this suitable match. What he expects to gain by it I don't know; but his wishes are clear, and he shows his appreciation of the motives that are likely to weigh with me by dwelling constantly upon your prospect of coming into a nice property eventually."

I was half touched by this evidence of Harry's good-will, half-vexed to hear it spoken of so jestingly, and wholly embarrassed by the prohibition which he had laid upon me, and which prevented me from doing him justice. I said nothing; and Lady Constance went on:—

"You are not a very dutiful nephew. Why have you not been to see that indulgent uncle of yours?"

I explained that it had hitherto been impossible to me to leave London, but that I should certainly run down to Norfolk as soon as the exigencies of the public service permitted of my absencing myself for a few days.

I had, indeed, written to Thirlby to this effect, and had received my uncle's assurance in return that he quite understood how I was situated. What I had not received, and what I had for a long time been impatiently awaiting, was a letter from George. I could only suppose that prudence had once more asserted its sway over impulse,

and that he had not written simply because he had had nothing of importance to write about. Whether, when he did make up his mind to speak, Maud would accept him or not, seemed very doubtful. I could not quite bring myself to wish that she should do that; yet I felt that I would almost rather hear of her engagement to George than be kept much longer in suspense. I don't know what association of ideas prompted me to ask Lady Constance suddenly whether she had seen any more of Mr. Sotheran.

"I see him every day of my life," she answered, with something between a laugh and a groan. "There is a mulish obstinacy about that man which would have raised him into high places if only it had been a little better directed. By-the-bye, did I tell you that he had honoured me with an offer of marriage?"

"You know you never told me," I exclaimed, my heart coming up into my mouth. "Have you refused him, then?"

"Oh, yes; but he appeared to take that quite as a matter of course. I knew he would. Otherwise, perhaps—"

She did not finish her sentence; and presently I said, "I wish you would tell me whether you really mean to marry a man whom you dislike and despise."

"How can I tell you what I don't know myself?" she returned. "My fate must be decided by circumstances, not by my own will. Now go away, please; and when you next come here, try to avoid offensive subjects."

CHAPTER XXIII.

I RESIST THE DEVIL

ONE day, in a moment of confidential despondency I told Harry that I felt sure that Lady Constance would end by marrying the odious Sotheran—a prophecy which made him look grave for a minute, but which he presently assured me would never be fulfilled without my connivance.

"Why, what can I do?" I asked despairingly; "what influence have I with her? I am utterly powerless; I can only stand and look on;—though I would cut off my right hand rather than that such a horrible thing should happen."

Harry smiled, and said he didn't think that there was any need for such alarming sacrifices. "As far as I understand the case, you have only to lift up your little finger, instead of chopping off your hand. Would you mind if I spoke in plain language about Lady Constance?"

I said, "Not in the least."

"Well then, I presume we may take it for granted that, if she marries at all, it will be because she is so hard up that she can't get on without somebody else's money."

I nodded; and Harry continued:—"Very well. I presume we may also take it that she would rather marry you than Sotheran, supposing that you could see your way to supporting her."

"Yes," I assented; "she told me so herself once. But if you are going to say that I am my uncle's heir, I can only repeat to you that I am not that, and will never consent to be that."

AN ARTIST'S VISIT TO THE RIVER CONGO, II.

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JOURNEY IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

IN THE BEGINNING OF JANUARY, in the present year, I began to make preparations for an ascent of the River Congo, in order thoroughly to examine the work Mr. Stanley had been undertaking for the three past years, and also with a great desire to become acquainted with the almost unknown Natural History and Anthropology of the river-basin beyond Stanley Pool and the region of the Cataracts. Nothing that Mr. Stanley could do to enable me to attain my end was left undone; and it gives me some pleasure to record that he aided me especially for the reason that I was "drawing for *The Graphic*," since he was most anxious that the features of Congo scenery should become better known to the outside world through the medium of this journal.

Perhaps the most valuable help he rendered me was to attach to my person three of his favourite Zanzibaris—Paraji, Mafta, and Imbono—who had strict orders to bring me back alive, and who certainly worked hard to carry out this desirable end.

Provided with everything that the stores of Vivi could furnish and my sixteen carriers could transport over field and flood, I set out from Vivi on the 7th of January to walk the fifty-eight miles that separated us from Isangila, the second station.

The first night we camped above the little River Loo, in a country that was somewhat harsh and stony, although in the deep ravines there was thick forest. Hereabouts were growing many bushes of *Camoensia*, a plant with a large and beautiful creamy-white blossom, exhaling a most delicious odour, and in the still warm night the fragrance of these flowers became almost overpowering.

The next day I stopped to lunch in a large village, Sadika Banza, the last collection of habitations we should meet on our route. It was a largish native town, divided into several great squares by hedges of *Euphorbia*. The Chief, although said to be somewhat cruel to his subjects—he is, indeed, suspected of keeping up human sacrifices—is immensely polite to Europeans, much resembling in this certain Eastern potentates who receive distinguished strangers with such hospitality that they feel obliged to overlook the sufferings of the potentate's own people.

The Chief of Sadika Banza sent me eggs, bananas, and a fowl on my arrival. The fowl, a somewhat aged male, was not immediately needed, so he was tied by the leg to a tent-peg. While in this fettered condition all the other village cocks took a mean advantage of him, and advanced to battle. There would have been little left of my gift horse—certainly he was half-plucked—had I not intervened and carried him into my tent. Between this bird and myself a strange attachment arose. At first I deferred eating him because he was so tough and thin; then gradually he became a privileged pet, allowed to roost every night in my tent. During the day-time, when we were marching, he was tied up with the cooking-pots and carried on a Zanzibari's head, and directly the caravan stopped to rest this *Gallus Africanus* was released, and trotted round the encampment finding all sorts of inexpressibly delicious things in the thick grass, to which he lustily called the attention of a harem of phantom hens. In every village where we paused to rest he gave battle stoutly to the local chanticleers, and so identified himself with the honour of the Expedition that when he was killed and half-eaten one night by a tiger-cat we felt we had lost a doughty champion.

Sadika Banza is, like nearly every Congo village, placed on a high hill, and the path which leads to it is arched over and hidden by the immensely thick grass which grows ten and twelve feet high. The trial to one's patience occasioned by this terrible herbage is very great, and I am sure the grass produces more loss of temper and causes more nervous fever than anything in Africa. The act of continually pushing apart the intercrossed blades is alone very fatiguing to the arms, while the face is scratched and tickled by the seeds and awns, and the shins are

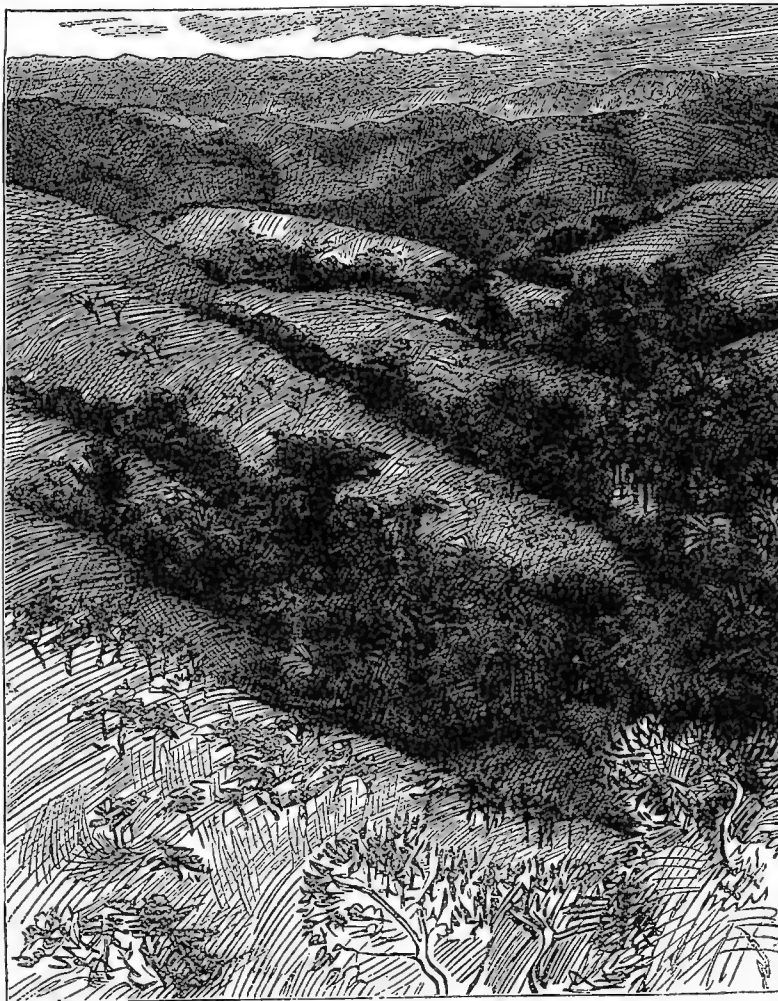
hurry over its sterility, and at least see your way before you. But grass! How are you to know what dangers it does not veil? Quagmires, pitfalls, human enemies, or noxious beasts? Fortunately this part of the Congo region is not all grass; the valleys are filled with fine forests, where you may walk pleasantly at midday in the cool sweet shade, under the grandly over-arching trees. And here it is that the African flora is best represented. On each side of the path are beautiful cannas, thickly growing, with their crimson flower-spikes and yellow-green leaves telling out strongly against the dark purple-green foliage behind. In the interior of the wood may be discerned flecks of colour caused by the orange flowers of a species of *Jatropha*, and by the delicate pinky-mauve blossoms of the *Amomum*. There are strange Arums and *Anonas*, and many sprays of scarlet *Menenias*. Myriads of little blue *Commelinias*

the Equatorial regions cannot offer flower-shows like those of the Temperate Zone.

As we near the little River Buzi the forest comes to an end, and on the further side of that stream the country is harsh and stony. We camped out on the top of a small eminence, and were much troubled by horrible little black flies which settled in clouds on one's hands and face, and sucked blood until they fell off senseless.

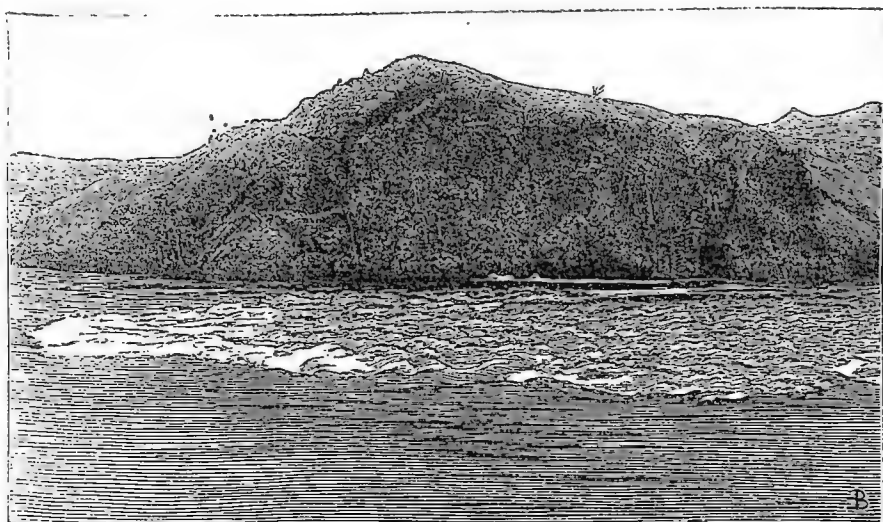
The next day we reached the Bundi, a very turbulent and picturesque river, flowing generally at the bottom of a very deep ravine, choked with thick forest. The descent and ascent of this ravine are extremely steep; and, as the path lies through the dank forest, and is on a clayey soil, the passage requires considerable care to prevent slipping and rolling headforemost into the river. Beyond the Bundi lies a great marshy district, wherein a branch of the river takes its rise. Here walking becomes most difficult, as the path lies through a sort of bog or quagmire, where you may sink up to the knees in watery ooze. But for this great disadvantage it is a fine collecting ground for a naturalist, while even the most callous observer can hardly fail to be impressed by the beauty of the marsh flowers. Still, the region lying between the River Bundi and the Lulu is about the worst bit of travelling on the Congo; for, when you leave the marshes, you continue your road (!) over harsh rock and sharp-cutting stones which complete the destruction of your boots that the acrid marsh-water has begun. Nastily-tempered little bushes, all gnarled and crooked with "peevisness," and bearing lead-coloured uneatable fruits, dot the dull-red soil. There are few signs of life here—no birds or butterflies; but all this disagreeable country changes and softens as the valley of the Lulu opens out. Here the forest is of course magnificent, and the glades are carpeted with mosses and silvery lycopodiums, and decked with a tracery of delicate ferns. The Lulu is ordinarily a pacific river, easy to ford; but in this instance it had risen with a red and troubled flood, covered the stepping-stones, and torn away the pendent swinging bridge of stout lianas that usually spans the stream. We crossed with some difficulty, the water coming up to the men's necks. From the further side of the Lulu to Isangila lies one of the pleasantest walks in Africa, for the scenery is undeniably charming. In the forest through which the little track or foot-wide path meanders, the universality of beauty fills one with quiet delight. Delicious penetrating scents from the many flowers embalm the air; the chirping of insects and the pleasant low cries of birds gently vibrate on the ear; and the eye is continually feasted with displays of colour or the endless deploying of graceful forms. Looking up towards the sky, you see the cerulean blue chequered with a fantastic lace-work of leaves, and little specks and dappings of sunlight are scattered lightly over the outer groups of foliage, but hesitate timidly before the great depths of solemn gloom in the heart of the forest. Much animal life is evident here. At almost every turning the path introduces you brusquely to a happy family of monkeys who have descended from the tree tops to feed on the small ground-growing berries, or to plunge their greedy, wasteful fingers into the crimson pulp of the straying gourds. They bound up into the trees on your approach, taking refuge well within gunshot on large platforms and nests of twigs which they seem to have constructed on the upper branches. It would be absolute brutality to take advantage of their confidence, and bring them down with a bullet from your Winchester.

Besides, if you are but discreet, and behave as becomes Nature's guest, your great hostess will show you many of her quaint and beautiful children. The green fruit-pigeons startle you in the trees with their strange cry, commencing with a whirring noise, two or three clucks, and ending up with a sweet and prolonged coo. The bee-eaters are swooping in eccentric circles on the many flying insects, and little hornbills sit in staid immobility on bare and exposed branches, watching the bee-eaters as if they would like to

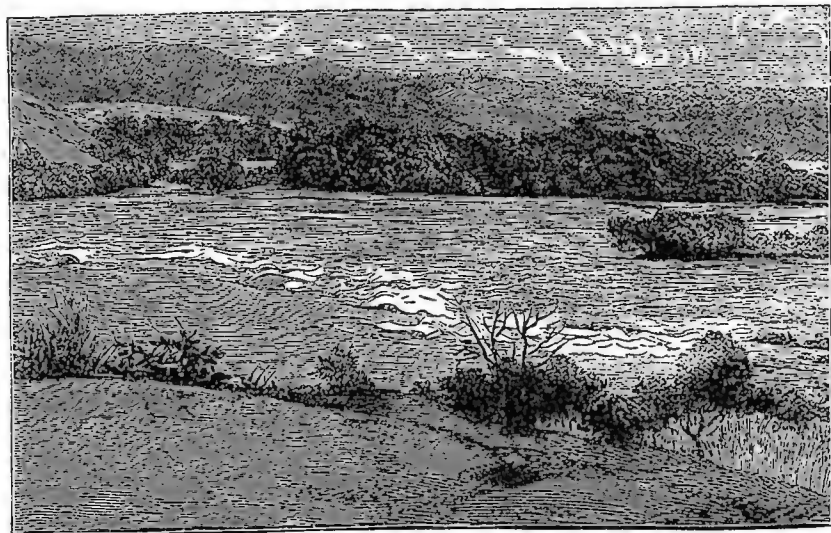


Congo Scenery on the Road to Isangila

deck the ground, and there are blue bean-flowers and white, a purple dandelion, mauve and white candy-tufts, and large yellow mallows, while for absolute gorgeousness nothing can compare with the divers gourds and seed-vessels of the many species of *Cucurbitacea*, which, when ripe, split open to expose the crimson interior, where the black seeds are laid in tempting rows to invite the birds to assist in their distribution. Indeed, the whole effect in floral colouring like this is to suggest a tremendous competition going on amongst the many



Falls of Congo at Isangila



Second Isangila Fall

bruised by constantly coming into contact with the stout inflexible lower stalks. The grass effectually shuts out all prospect of one's surroundings, and harbours and conceals snakes, buffaloes, and hostile natives. I don't know a more despairing outlook than, on arriving at the top of a hill in Africa, to look down on a tract of waving grass. If it be a lake, you can either cross it in canoes or go round it, or if you look forth on a sterile desert you feel you may

plants for the favourable notice of birds and insects as if the flowers were advertising their advantages and saying to the bees, "Your patronage is earnestly solicited." Certainly every taste is consulted, and every bait is offered in the way of gaudy colour and attractive scent, and all to ensure the possession of large families of children, and to effect their dispersal about the world.

In Tropical Africa, at least, is falsified Mr. Wallace's theory that

imitate them, but felt that such great exertions were unbecoming. These hornbills, large or small, come to the ground to feed almost invariably, no doubt because it is there that most of their food, such as grasshoppers and the *exuvia* of animals, usually lies. Still they are a curious instance of an arboreal type of bird gradually becoming terrestrial.

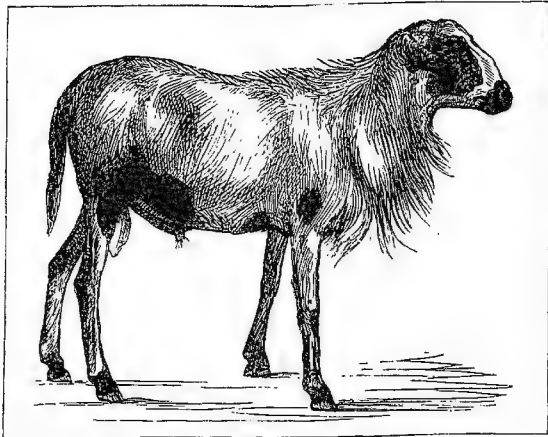
The great ground hornbill which is found pretty well all over

Africa is a most exaggerated case, for it absolutely avoids the trees. Certain cuckoos, parrots, and woodpeckers become ground-loving birds in spite of their zygodactyle feet. I can imagine poor Dame Nature nearly losing her temper with, for instance, such a thing as a tree-duck. "Whatever," she must say, "made you go and take to living on trees when I had shaped and adapted your feet and your body for the water? Why can't you know your own mind?" But the tree-duck and the ground hornbills and parrots are influenced by the same law that makes a man who has been brought up as a land surveyor go on the stage—the struggle for existence, the necessity of finding a place somewhere in Life's economy.

Some such thoughts as these beguile my way through many a mile of forest and hill, till at length, arriving on the Congo bank at Ngoma, my attention is effectually diverted to the imposing spectacle of the Ngoma Falls. The standpoint from which one best views them is a little platform or quay, protected by a breakwater and projecting somewhat into the river. Here lately stood an immense mass of precipitous rock, but Stanley, in opening a rapid route to Isangila, blasted the side of this cliff, and over the *débâris* constructed a passable way. It was this that gained him the name of *Bula Mutade*, or the Stone Breaker, among the astonished natives.

From this quay at Ngoma you command a splendid view. Nearly in front of you two branches of the Congo, separated by a long island, come rushing to a coalition like two brothers whom a temporary obstacle has separated, or like two great political parties which, in view of the difficulties farther on, agree to coalesce. They carry off between them the lead that has hitherto been in possession of a mild and temporising eddy. At the end of the island, right across the river, are strewn hidden rocks, but over these the two meeting currents leap triumphantly, and the waves madly race with a joyous clamour to their fraternal union. Some distance after the junction, froth and roar are over, but a great and irresistible body sweeps on its course, letting no obstacle stem its overwhelming tide. On the island, the trees bordering the water tremble and nod paralytically as the great current strikes against them, but higher up the foliage is massive, rich, and majestic, and stands haughtily unmoved by the racing flood beneath, like an unbending aristocracy superciliously regarding the mad progress of the democratic torrent that seems so far beneath it. But the current, however madly, is flowing towards an end, the Sea; and it either

from Manyanga to the River Niari and the sea, and the other rejoining the Congo at Boma. Consequently, the real village of Isangila is situated on this important trade route, and a distance of six or seven miles from the river. This renders it somewhat more difficult to procure plenty of fresh food from the markets; but by degrees the natives, never long in finding out where their best interests lie, are



A Congo Sheep

shifting their great weekly market nearer to the newly-founded stations.

One of these native markets is a curious and interesting sight to see. They are generally held every four or every eight days, either "weekly" or "fortnightly," for the native week is of four days only. One of the days of the week often bears a distinctive name of "selling," or "market" day, resembling in this the Latin and Romance name for Friday, "Vendredi," "Venerdì," &c. The natives will often come a hundred miles to attend one of these big markets, and there are generally several *thousands* present, buying and selling. They bring their fowls most carefully packed in long wicker cages, fastened between two stout poles converging at each end. Eggs are usually carried in large, finely-plaited baskets; indeed, some of the basket-work is so tightly made that it will hold water. At the markets between Isangila and Manyanga five hundred eggs may be bought at a time. The natives also sell fresh vegetables (pumpkins, sweet potatoes, and even a wild cabbage), bananas, plantains, pine-apples, ground-nuts, sugar-cane, maize, kola-nut, tobacco, and "kikwanga." Kikwanga needs a word of special mention, it is such an important article of consumption in the Congo *menu*. The root of the manioc, or cassada, a very ancient introduction from Brazil, is taken and pounded into a fine white pulp. This is left to soak for about twenty-four hours in running water (possibly to rid the substance of a certain acrid poison attributed to the root), and is then allowed to ferment. When worked up into a consistency of stiff dough it is divided into portions, and each portion is wrapped up in a large green leaf until wanted for cooking. Kikwanga tastes and looks like sour dough, but it is highly nutritive. The best way of eating it is to cut it into very thin slices, and eat these fried in butter, or, if butter be not procurable, in ground-nut oil, easily extracted from the *Arachis hypogaea*. Perhaps a simple recipe for doing so might interest intending African travellers who are reading these pages. Take a bushel of ripe ground-nuts that have previously been dried in the sun, pound them to a pulp, and put them in a cauldron of boiling water. The oil will rise to the surface, and can easily be skimmed off and put apart into a vessel. The residue is excellent fattening food for fowls, and the oil itself is almost indistinguishable from the best olive in taste. Indeed, most of the olive oil we use in Europe is nothing but the oil of ground-nuts, which are exported largely from West African ports to Marseilles to be there manufactured and flavoured into various salad oils christened by different names. This oil of ground-nuts is excellent as a kitchen grease and as a lamp-oil. I will even give you another recipe in which this substance may be advantageously employed. Take a quantity of sugar-canes, some nine or ten sticks, peel them, cut them up into small cubes, and mash these to a pulp, straining off the abundant liquor into a large pot. Put this over the fire to boil, and at the end of an hour and a half you will rejoice to find the sweet syrup liquor reduced to a considerable quantity of gluey barley sugar. If this does not sufficiently gladden the heart, and you crave for something yet more

referred to them when treating of Pallaballa as being the universal breed of Central Africa. The farthest south I have seen this distinctly marked variety is on the Cunéné River. There they mingle with the great Cape sheep whose tails often become so loaded with fat. The domestic goat of the Congo is a small, short-legged little beast, good to eat, and giving, in the female, rich and abundant milk. The Congo sheep, by the by, makes execrable mutton. In the markets there are, of course, innumerable fowls to sell, and even at times Muscovy ducks. This latter bird is another gift from rich America to needy Africa, and was introduced into the West Coast, in common with maize, manioc, pineapples, sugar-cane, ground-nuts, and many other useful alimentary additions to African diet by the Portuguese, to whom, in my opinion, Africa owes a deep debt of gratitude. Nor ought we to forget that it is to this enterprising people that we owe the first knowledge of the tea-plant, the orange, and the lime.

An African market, with so many commodities to sell, and so many eager sellers and buyers, is a most animated scene. The din of voices may be heard afar off, and when you enter the great open square, where, under the shade of great trees, perhaps a thousand people are disposed in little chattering groups round their heaps of wares, it is worse than the parrot-house at the Zoological Gardens. The women are the keenest traders. They haggle and scream and expostulate and chuckle aside over their bargains, whilst the hulking men lounge about in good-humoured listlessness, or squat in rows stolidly smoking. Although the strife of tongues is great, few real quarrels occur. There is in most cases a chief of the market, perhaps an old Fetish man, who regulates all disputes, and who so heavily fines both litigants that all are chary of provoking his arbitration. This Babel lasts but one day, and then for the rest of the week the market-place is void and desolate; only the old wicker baskets, banana-husks, corn-shucks, feathers, and egg-shells remain to witness to the great assemblage that has taken place.

Of such a kind is the great market near Isangila, and there are similar gatherings at Manyanga, Lutété, and in proximity to most of Mr. Stanley's stations.

Before I leave the subject of Isangila to proceed with my description of the river, I might mention that this was the farthest point reached by members of Captain Tuckey's Expedition. It was called by them Sangala, but there is no doubt, in spite of the slight difference in name, that the same place is meant.



Mlongo Mlako, a King of Manyanga

leaves the great trees far, far behind it on its course, or, with cruel, overwhelming force washes away their foundations, and carries them, poor victims, to be dashed to pieces in the cataracts, and to strew with their shorn fragments the distant shores where the waves of river and sea may drift them. Leaving reluctantly this spectacle of wild, scarce-regulated force—one cannot help surmising that some day man may utilise this wasted water-power to generate electricity, or serve some other useful end—we enter once more the majestic forest, which comes to us now as a grateful shade. How beautiful these glades are in their virgin state! Man has tampered with them just enough to make a decent path through their recesses, but no more. One could look down, down, down through the mazes of green leaves and grey boughs at the twinkling water, which formed a still and quiet backwater under the massive trees. It was a beautiful and semi-transparent screen between me and the scorching sun, which through the great and spreading leaves sent shafts of light, and glorified whole masses of foliage with an aureole of golden green. Up above, in the dim purple solitudes of the forest, there were mysterious possibilities, an endless field for conjecture and for the flight of fancy. What strange creatures might not dwell in its depths? What tragedies went on there at night when the leopard made his descent on a family of monkeys just asleep, and awakened the forest with a momentary clamour? Perhaps here, at night, you will hear the great elephants tearing down saplings, and feeding themselves with juicy leaves and young shoots. At any rate, you know it stretches far, far away in one direction, and that you will not suddenly emerge on a row of villas at the other end. When you do leave the forest behind you, you trudge for five or six miles along a rough hill-side, until at last, surmounting a high crest of stony mountain, dotted with Camoensia bushes, the roar of another cataract strikes your ear, and you look down on Isangila. The station of that name is most advantageously placed on the summit of one of the lesser hills dominating the Congo, and in front of one of the most beautiful prospects which that river can offer. Right across the water rises a high-peaked cliff, looking like what it probably is—a great hill-side shorn in twain. Its precipitous flanks are covered with trees, hiding imperfectly the purple-red of the naked soil. The Fall in front of this cliff is only partial, covering little more than one-half of the stream, the rest of the river rolling on with deceitful smoothness until, at the second Isangila Fall, some hundred yards further, the whole width of the Congo plunges over the hidden rocks, and a great slanting streak of white foam spreads across the glassy river. After this the Congo broadens out into an archipelago, and the troubled waves dash themselves impatiently against the wooded islands.

Isangila Station is on a well-chosen and healthy site, and the beautiful views around it alone render it a pleasant sojourn; but hitherto it has suffered some disadvantage from being a long way from the native villages and markets, which are situated some at little distance from the river, and along the native road in the interior. The fact is, that from Stanley Pool to the coast the native trade—or ivory—routes do not closely follow the River Congo, but rather diverge from it right and left, taking a more direct route to the coast. The southern road goes from Stanley Pool to San Salvador, and debouches on the sea at Ambrizette; and the route along the northern side of the Congo runs also at a distance of several miles from the river's bank, and divides into two branches, one going



Chidika, a private Gentleman of Manyanga

toothsome, mix a certain quantity of this thick sugar with ground-nut oil; further, blanch some ground-nuts and scatter them freely in the mess. This compound, if carefully cooked for about ten minutes, will produce the most ravishing

AFRICAN TOFFEE!

Little shifts and expedients like these serve considerably to lighten the explorer's lot, and to render palatable many forms of native food.

But to return to the native markets. Besides the articles of sale already mentioned, sheep and goats are present, often in some quantity. The sheep, of which I give an illustration, are tall, stout animals, nearly twice the size of the little sturdy goats, are hairy, and in the ram bear a fine mane from the chin to the stomach. I have already



A Native of Manyanga

The journey to the next station, Manyanga, may be made either by land or water. The land journey, however, is a most arduous one, and takes from eight to nine days to accomplish. On the other hand, the water route is only practicable for a very stout boat, on account of the force of some of the rapids. I performed the distance of eighty odd miles in five days, going by water. The scenery along the banks of the Congo is at first somewhat pretty, owing to the abundance of riverside forest and the beautiful masses of creepers which festoon the trees, but after the Livingstone Falls are passed the river broadens, and the scenery becomes extremely commonplace. Low hills of magenta-coloured earth, streaked and spotted with dull yellow-green, and fringed at their bases with scanty forest, border the great watercourse, which itself seems to have renounced all its pranks, and to have assumed a wearisome platitude of expression. Groups of natives may be seen hereabouts, approaching the river more frequently, and resorting to its waters to fish with their curiously-shaped nets. They often squat in rows on the sandy beach, their fishing over, and whilst the result of their capture is being smoked over a grass fire. Their dogs sit in a line with their masters, and look much like the curs in a Noah's Ark, being spotted yellow and white in a conventional manner. The dogs of the natives further inland are evidently of a purer breed. They are fawn colour, and greatly resemble the pariah dogs of India. In this district, between Isangila and Manyanga, there has evidently been a mingling of race between the true pariah-like domestic dog of Central Africa and the mongrel dogs of the coast, introduced—as everything good and bad appears to be in Africa—by the Portuguese.

Manyanga Station, like most of Mr. Stanley's establishments, is "a city set upon a hill." It surmounts a great red cliff that rises sheer above the river. The winding ascent is very fatiguing, but you are rewarded for your climb by finding yourself on the top of a breezy height, whence fine views of the Congo may be obtained in all directions. Manyanga Station has long rejoiced in a most able chief, Lieutenant Nili, to whose initiative the entire present construction and arrangement of the buildings are due. There are three houses for Europeans, many capacious brick-built stores, and quite a large "coloured" town of Zanzibari, Cabinda, and native huts. The making of sun-burnt bricks from the surrounding soil has turned out very successful, and the bricks thus made are better adapted for the construction of durable buildings than wood, which is so liable to the attacks of white ants, and stone, which is both costly and damp-retaining. I had pleasant days at Manyanga. There was much to see and sketch, and the food here was excellent. We had no tea, coffee, cocoa, wine, sugar, butter, or bread, it is true, but with a little ingenuity substitutes were found for many of these adjuncts to European living. The goats gave plenty of milk, and we drank it hot, and "thought" it was tea. We boiled the sugar-cane down into the barley-sugar I have previously described; palm wine was our only intoxicant, and "kikwanga" in some way took the place of bread. The daily arrivals of natives at the station were always an amusement. Sometimes they would come with a baaing and protesting goat or sheep for sale. One day a party of men came with a very stout lady, of whom they wished to dispose. She was quite the thing for me, they were convinced, and would make an excellent Lady Help for my next expedition. Unfortunately the price was quite beyond my means, nor was Nili

able or willing to acquire her services, so, in common with some goats and fowls we had also declined, she was dragged off to the neighbouring English mission and offered as a job lot to the resident missionary, who, needless to say, refused the bargain.

There are several native Kings round Manyanga. One of them was a constant visitor at the station, and a terrible beggar, always on the look-out for cloth and beads. His name was Mlongo Mlako, and he was King of Dandanga. His portrait appears on the opposite page, with an old felt hat on his head, and a row of large beads round his neck. King Mlongo nearly fell a victim to the superstitions of his people a little while ago. A wife of one of his headmen, Chidika, whose portrait faces King Mlongo's, died, and the Chief was accused of having bewitched her. He was condemned to take the "poison water," and was about to do so, when, fortunately for him, a missionary arrived in the village, and the people were persuaded by him to let the King go. His real crime was not sorcery, in their eyes, but avarice—the most odious quality to a negro's mind; and, had he been more generous with his stored-up cloth and gin, it is probable that his loving people would not have trumped up this accusation, nor the Heir Apparent have been so active in the prosecution. On the occasion of this and most other visits, he was accompanied by the widowed Chief whose wife he was supposed to have bewitched. They are now on the most amicable terms; and the widowed one, having daubed his ugly face with charcoal in sign of mourning, gives himself up to unlimited merriment, and is thinking, he tells me, of marrying again.

Stanley Pool may be reached from Manyanga either by following the north bank of the river, on which Manyanga itself is situated, or by the southern route through Lutété. In either case you must cross the river; and it is, on the whole, wiser to do so opposite Manyanga, as the river is less dangerous than near Stanley Pool. The southern route is by far the easier and safer to follow, as the hills are less steep, and the natives are pleasant, kindly people to deal with. The distance to be walked on foot is about a hundred miles, and there are two minor stations on the road, Lutété and Ngoma.

The general scenery between Lutété and Stanley Pool is interesting in character, and often offers many beautiful points of view. A great stretch of valley, filled with rich forest, with a sounding stream that is seen flashing through the trees, is bounded by boldly-shaped hills, between each of which lesser valleys lie, that seem, as it were, tributaries of the great one, some of them mere crevasses in the mountains, but each with its tiny stream, its cascades, and its velvety woods. Occasionally, especially near Lutété, patches are cleared in the valleys, and the rich soil which the rain is always washing down from the hills is planted with manioc, tobacco, ground-nuts, and bananas. This gives at times a strangely civilised look



Bateké Coiffure

to the country, and suggests the idea that in the future, when colonists flock to occupy the Congo territories, these lowlands will become true golden valleys, bringing forth the products of the tropics; while their hill-sides, terraced and planted with vines, will be surmounted with many a fine-built habitation, from which the Neo-African may complacently look down on his rice-fields and his gardens, on his plantations and his sugar-brakes, which lie basking under an equatorial sun, and irrigated by a never-failing stream. And what a future studying-ground for scientific men! When people have conquered their unreasonable fear of the Congo climate, and some medical man has deigned to study the local hygiene, and so instruct us as to what we should eat and drink, and how we should live that we may best become acclimatised—when transport is facilitated and communication with the outer world easy and assured, then let the scientist come and found his botanical garden in one valley and his vivarium in another, whilst in his comfortable brick-built house, built of the bricks that are locally made, and exposed to the dry and healthy breezes that assail the hill-tops, he may prepare his specimens and arrange his accumulated facts as much at his ease as if he were in Kew or the British Museum.

The rounded hills that encircle these luxuriant valleys are covered with strong coarse grasses of several sorts, of which the flower-stalks often attain the height of 12 to 15 feet, and with gnarled and stunted trees, bearing leaden-coloured, almost uneatable fruit—I should omit the qualifying "almost," were it not that I have seen the Zanzibaris occasionally gnawing them. These trees are spread in a sparse manner over the hillside, and give it from a distance a spotted appearance. This difference in richness of vegetation that exists between hills and valleys in this part of Africa is not due so much to the relative abundance of moisture as to the prevailing grass fires in the dry season. These sweep over the hills at times, destroying all the finer trees, so that only these stunted shrubs and the rank grass spring up from their roots anew and flourish for a season. Therefore it is that around the villages whose plantations are protected from the ravages of the flames, as far as may be possible, rich forest invariably exists, and the presence of villages may be infallibly detected in this country by the groups of fine trees and patches of purple forest growing isolated on the many hilltops. Again, in all shut-in valleys and river courses, where the fires are choked, there vegetation of the most wonderful character riots in all the wild luxuriance of its unchecked growth. I have already alluded to this subject in my description of the villages at Yellala.

Lutété is a pleasant little station situated about eight miles from the Congo, on a high plateau, and commanding the great Ivory

route which runs from Stanley Pool to San Salvador and Ambrizette. This important native route gradually diverges from the Congo. Already at Lutété it is over eight miles in a direct line from the river bank. The bit of connecting road between Lutété and the landing-place opposite Manyanga has been wholly or partially constructed by Mr. Stanley. That, and the short bit of road round the Ngoma Falls near Isangila, are all the engineering his expedition has at present undertaken, although with time and men Mr. Stanley hopes to construct a carriageable road from Vivi to Stanley Pool.

Lutété Station takes its name from a powerful young chief in the neighbourhood, who has built a large village, and named it, as is the custom, after himself. His town contains finer-built houses than any native settlement for miles round, and Lutété himself is a most enterprising young fellow, often accompanying his caravans of ivory down to Ambrizette, a port on the coast, whence he returns



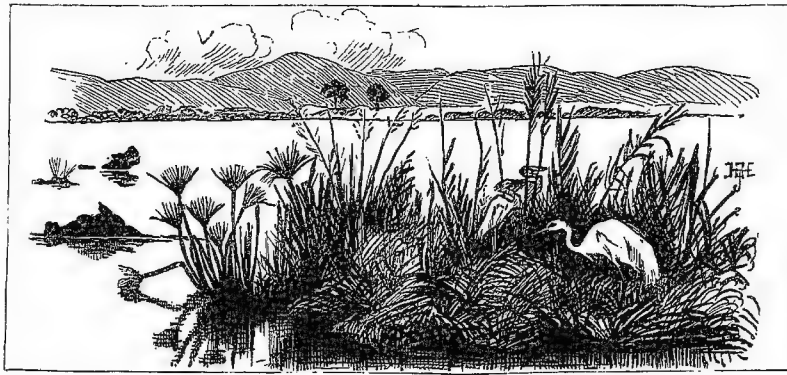
Mwa, or "Brazzaville"

with all sorts of trophies of civilisation, coloured plates from *The Graphic* and bottles of soda-water. The latter he is half-frightened of, and calls them "devil water;" but he generally makes a present of them to the chief of the station, who, of course, handsomely acknowledges the gift with more than its equivalent in cloth. Pictures from *The Graphic*, and also from other illustrated newspapers, are proudly stuck up in the chief's own house. Whenever Lutété wishes to impress some uncouth savage chief from the interior, he takes him into his



The River Congo at Manyanga

palisaded hut and shows him Mr. Millais' lovely rendering of a nursery heroine, telling him, of course bombastically, that it is a special present from "Mputo" (beyond the sea), and the wondering savage goes away much impressed by the power and influence of Lutété. Shortly after my arrival Lutété, who was ill, sent his head wife to call upon me instead, and she brought a large jar of palm-wine as a present. This lady was extremely plain; but



Reed and Papyrus Floating Island on Stanley Pool

she is Lutété's favourite wife because she has borne him many children.

Having passed one day at this station to rest, I again started with my caravan of thirty men to journey on towards Stanley Pool. The country, immediately before and after leaving Lutété, is of rather a peculiar appearance. Here and there are deep gullies—ravines—gulches—canyons—I know not what to call them—huge clefts in the land, either made or modified by water eating into the soft red soil. They are similar to the same strange valleys and ravines round Loanda, in Portuguese Africa. Their depths, however, here are filled with the richest, most fantastic forms of vegetation it is possible to conceive, and to judge from the cries and noises that ascend out of the gulf of green, these glorious forests are peopled with many birds and monkeys. Any one of these ravines would be a rare hunting-ground for the naturalist.

The Edwin Arnold River offers a splendid prospect as seen from the high plateaux near Lutété. It comes leaping to join the Congo in tremendous cascades, which from a distance appear like a white cloth laid at intervals over the purple hills. Where it takes its last leap into the Congo, over the thickly-wooded cliffs, it is called the Zinga River.

The first night, after leaving Lutété, a disaster occurred to me, but one of such a common type in African travel that I venture to retail it to you here so that you may take the good with the ill and not imagine a Congo traveller's experience all sunshine and brightness. We were camped in a village, as usual, and my tent was to all appearance carefully and correctly pegged out. I had eaten a well-cooked little dinner with keen appetite, and then had enjoyed the unwonted luxury of a novel over a cup of coffee. When, at length, I grew tired of reading, I got into bed, leaving my book open, and most of the things lying unpacked and in disorder.

I reckoned that there would be plenty of time to pack up in the morning. As I lay on my comfortable bed, soothed by a delicious sense of repose, I heard the rain beginning to pat down on my tent in great drops, while the rising wind souged mournfully through the neighbouring trees; but this dismal state of the weather outside only accentuated the sense of comfort and security within the snug tent, and I was quietly falling asleep in a self-satisfied mood, when, suddenly the wind rose like an angry devil, and puff! my tent was whipped up over my head, and laid flat on the ground a few yards off. In a second all was changed, and I was being brusquely awakened from my reverie, and half-drowned by the drenching rain, which was mercilessly streaming down on all my treasures. My bedclothes were soaked, my novel—I remember it was Alphonse Daudet's "*Les Rois en Exile*"—was reduced in no time to yellow pap, everything was going to ruin and desolation—the rain even beat the ground up into thick mud, which engulfed most of the smaller articles; and all this time I was too paralysed by the sudden shock and the cold *douche* of rain to call for help. At last, however, I found my breath, and applied it lustily to a small whistle round my neck. In a minute the Zanzibaris had rushed from an adjoining cottage, and, seizing me up in their arms, carried me swiftly into shelter. Here, by the side of a blazing fire, I dried myself and my bed-clothes, and slept soundly on a native bed of matting. It was really wonderful the number of things that were saved from the wrecked tent and dried by the fire, and my losses were limited to the novel afore described and some trifling odds and ends too mixed up with the mud to be detected. I more than ever appreciated after this catastrophe the admirable qualities of the Zanzibaris, who are never at a loss, and who are the most truly unselfish servants perhaps in the world. It quite touched me to see when I staggered into the hut where they were sleeping how one



Bateké Coiffure

man gave up his bed, another his mosquito-curtain, and a third his blankets, in order that the "Little Master" might not catch cold, while his things were being dried, and this not only from my own men, between whom and myself a real attachment subsisted, but from Zanzibaris I had only seen and known for three days. The Arab mixture in the Zanzibari men has not only given them finer features and more refined manners, but it has also implanted in them an unselfish affection and a manly gratitude which can never be found in the true negro.

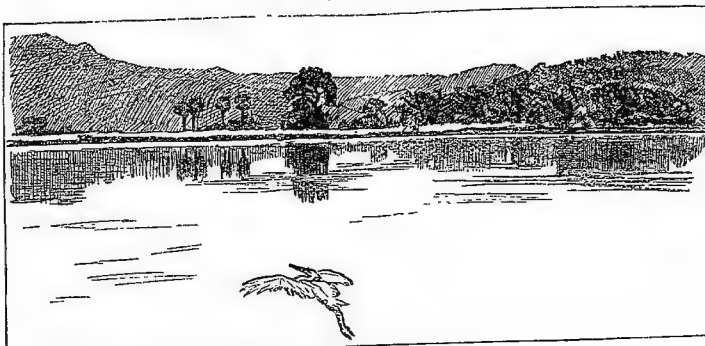
The succeeding day a bright sun dried up the remaining dampness in the ground and atmosphere, and we trudged along merrily through beautiful scenery. We are here following the great trade route from Stanley Pool to the coast, and the sides of the way are strewn with the top leaves of pine-apples, which, when the fruit is eaten, are thrown away, and, taking root in the rich red soil at the side of the path, serve to spread this plant along the whole route between Lutété and Stanley Pool, in some places, especially in the dank, moist ravines, forming an almost impenetrable hedge on each side of the narrow path. The inhabitants come to these narrow valleys, and fill their long wicker baskets with the beautiful golden fruit which forms now so large a part of their diet. In one village we came to there was a perfect orgie of pine-apples going on. The people were too indolent and careless even to sell them, and one lady, with whom from pure habit I was disputing the price of her basketful, said in a languid way to Faraji, "Here, take them; as he does not want to pay, he can have them for nothing." The dogs, the cats, the pigs, the goats, the fowls, and the children, all lived on pine-apples. The very people had a golden tinge about them, as if from the absorption of such quantities of mellow fruit, and the fowls I bought here had a flavour that was quite unaccountable save for this theory of an exclusive pine-apple diet. Here it was impossible to resist halting; we arrived about eight in the morning, and for two whole hours we sat and ate pine-apple.

A few brass rods paid for the entire feast, and the generous natives moreover brought us a heaped-up basketful to carry on our journey. However burdened the men might be, this was an extra load they never refused. About noon on the third day after leaving Lutété we came to the banks of the Inkissi, and had to cross that swift, rolling, turbid stream in native canoes. The natives always land much lower down the river than they embark, for the current of the river is so swift that it is impossible to entirely withstand its influence. It is here about as wide as the Thames at Windsor, but no one knows where it comes from, or whether its course is long, tortuous, or of little extent. Of course, for

navigation it is quite useless, owing to its furious current and many falls. On the further side of it the woods are beautiful, and the path winds through the most enchanting scenery, over little brooks, where green mossy rocks stem the impatient, foaming little streams, and under the grandly over-arching trees, festooned with mazy creepers, and beneath whose shade the humid soil is covered with a carpet of ferns. On the little sandy shore of one brooklet, where the restrained water, quitting its barrier of velvety-green stones, whose severity is tempered by the tenderest covering of moss, spreads itself out with pride to twice its previous width, on the crisp white sand were deeply imprinted the footmarks of a leopard. Perhaps but a few minutes before he had come there to slake his thirst; he had stolen from his lair amid the dense brushwood to this quiet bay of the brook, where he stood in soft grey-green shade lapping the stream near where it fell in white streaks over the moss-carpeted stones. Long sprays of maidenhair tickled his forehead, great knotted lianas bumped against him as the slight breeze swayed these vegetable ropes backwards and forwards. Little *Pococephalus* parrots mocked at him, and yellow-vented flycatchers shrieked out his crimes; still he laps on with greedy thirst, soothed by the soft whispering shade of trees and ferns in which he stands, with a background of intensely vivid sunlit verdure, where the forest breaks open to the sky. But the distant sound of men's voices has disturbed him, and as they push their noisy way along the woodland path, crunching the dead twigs under foot and swishing back the pendent boughs, he softly slinks away into the untracked solitudes of dead sombre green, and leaves but the trace of his footsteps on the sandy shore of the little brook to attest his recent presence.

Again the forest lies behind us, and we toil up the hill-path as

was not in a very flourishing condition: it lacked the master hand of Stanley to set matters going more briskly. The stock of European provisions had been too rapidly eaten up, and, after a few months of fat living, a time of very meagre nourishment had ensued. It was, however, a fine and growing station, advantageously placed on the sides of an amphitheatre-like hill, which dominates the expanding

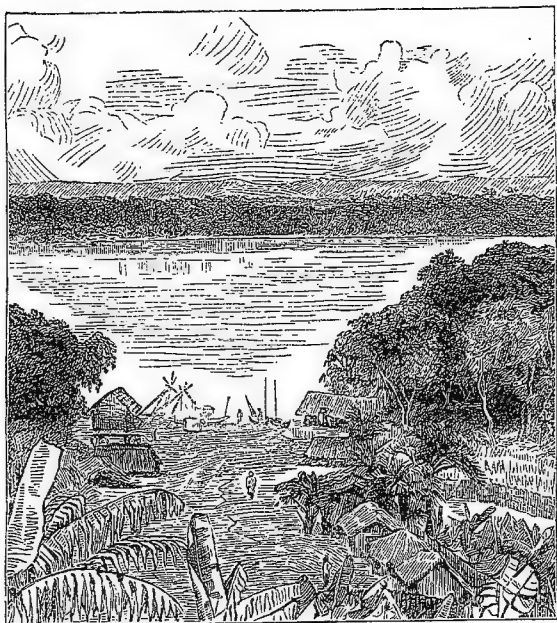


The Northern End of Stanley Pool

Congo as it is leaving the broad waters of the Pool once more to enter its mountain-girdled valley.

Stanley Pool is a great expansion of the Congo, about twenty-five miles long and sixteen broad. There are seventeen islands of some note, the largest of them being thirteen miles in length. But the surface of the Pool is also strewn with sand-banks, alternately covered and uncovered, according to the season of the year, and there are also many floating reed and papyrus islands, formed of these masses of aquatic vegetation, which are so strongly interknitted by their fibres and roots that a man can stand on them. Some of these floating islets manage to pass the rapids of the lower river, and actually float out far to sea, as any one who has coasted the mouth of the Congo can affirm.

The Pool forms, as it were, a great cup-like basin, with an incomplete rim formed by ranges of peaked and picturesque mountains, ranging from 1,000 ft. to 4,000 ft. in height. The banks of this great expanse of water offer considerable variety in character. At the northern, or north-eastern end, where the Upper Congo enters it through a somewhat narrow passage, the scenery is very beautiful. High woods rise so steeply above the water that, as you sail beneath their shade, they seem to mount indefinitely towards the sky. It is a wall of forest. Then, almost opposite, following the northern bank, are the "Dover Cliffs," their scarped sides white and glistening, and their crowns being covered with soft green grass. They more resemble, however, the scenery round Lyme Regis, in Dorset, or Devon, than the harsher and more rugged cliffs of Dover. Then, on both sides of the Pool, the shores dwindle down into flat forest land, the encircling girdle of mountains trending off towards the interior, and when you reach Mfwa, or "Brazzaville," the coast is low, and nearly on a level with the water. "Brazzaville" is at present merely a low-lying little native village, with some half-dozen huts buried in bananas, palms, and thick vegetation. It has little or no advantages as a site for a European station, still less to be "France's Metropolis on the Congo." Nearly opposite is a curious cliff, apparently of red clay, which rises abruptly from out of its flat surroundings some fifty feet above the river. This is called Kallina Point, for here a member of the expedition, Lieutenant Kallina, was recently drowned. The current is terribly swift as it races round this promontory, and is very dangerous to native canoes ascending the stream. Kallina Point is in the possession of the inhabitants of a very large native village in the proximity, called Kinshasha. They are very adverse to Europeans, and have hitherto refused to allow a station to be built, either in their village or on Kallina Point. Should De Brazza ever reach the Congo, and succeed in establishing himself at Mfwa, it is rumoured that he would like to take Kallina Point and make it the Gibraltar of the Pool, and then, with this fortified post, and the station of Mfwa opposite, he would be able to close, if necessary, the mouth of



The Port at Léopoldville

the sun is sinking, and enter a fine large village, some five hours' march beyond the Inkissi River. Here you get a good idea of Central African life. There is a general aspect of tidy prosperity, and the people are unusually sportive and merry among themselves. I even witnessed what is rarely seen amongst these races—amorous toying and loving caresses between a fine stalwart husband and his little plump wife. Children, pretty little children, were playing together and making dirt pies, one child looking on, and carrying a baby as big as itself. One infant had the whooping-cough, and another was playing with a beautifully made rattle. A hen and chickens, with that steadfast obstinacy that is so characteristic of fowls, would insist on retiring for the night in the house which had been assigned me as my lodging; so two capable little boys caught the ten chickens tenderly, and conveyed them to a place of safety, the old hen naturally clucking and protesting behind. The immense quantities of pumpkins, the ripe fruit and the great yellow blossoms growing on the same plant, and the waving fields of blue-green manioc, lent an air of prosperity and plenty to the tidy groups of houses. Beyond this all was magnificent, grandiose forest. The path goes down, down, down into its depths, and the tree-tops shut out the sky. The long straight lianas, like plumb-lines and scaffolding, depending from the branches, sketch out a sort of fantastic architecture. Large white jessamine flowers shine out like stars in the gloomy depths of foliage, and down at the bottom of the deep ravine a brown stream catches a few glints of green light as it hurries along.

We stop at the village of Ngoma on the evening of the fourth day after leaving Lutété. Here an old fetishman and some young disciples were performing a sort of dance, in which they hopped about like frogs, squatted on their heels, and waved their hands downwards from the heavens. I was told they were calling down the rain—surely a most superfluous appeal to the clerk of the weather, who took care to souse us every day. Other of the inhabitants, more indolent, or conscious of the inutility of supplicating Providence, were reclining in different postures in lazy ease, having their hair dressed by women.

From Ngoma it was a trying march of fifteen miles to Léopoldville, and, as I was suffering badly from an ulcer on the ankle, the road seemed doubly long; and when at length I limped into the station, I was in need of the kind reception accorded me.

You do not get a view of Stanley Pool until you are quite close to the station; and it is then, on turning round the hill-side, that the magnificent prospect of open water, wooded islands, and distant mountains bursts upon your gaze. Léopoldville, when I first arrived,



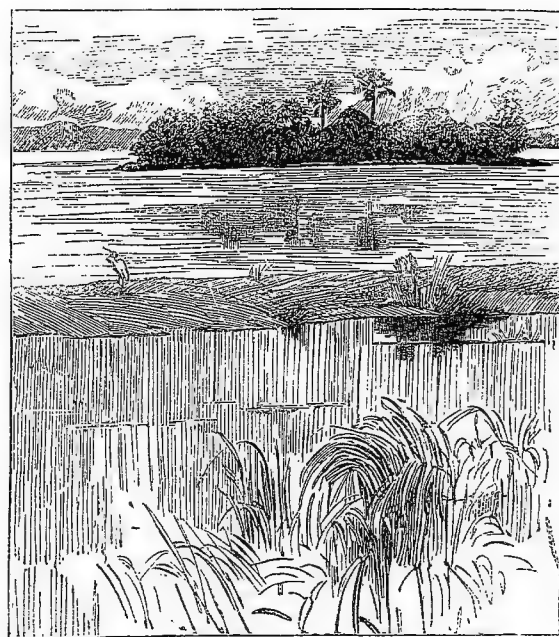
Hyphæne Palm

Stanley Pool where it commences to narrow down into the rushing Congo.

On the 20th of last February I left Léopoldville in a large lighter or whaleboat, rowed by a sturdy crew of Zanzibaris, to ascend the river as far as Bôlôbô, a large native village about 250 miles beyond Stanley Pool, where the last station of the Expedition had then been founded. My departure was signalled inauspiciously by a downpour of rain that was almost exceptional in its force and dura-

tion. We had just managed to row as far as Kinshasha, the place I have before mentioned as being somewhat unfriendly towards Europeans, but not knowing this at the time, I yielded to the Zanzibaris' invitation to descend, and, whilst the boat was put into a little creek, we went up into the village, and took refuge in a native house placed at my disposal by the natives. Here the contrast to the raging storm outside was for the first few moments delicious—perfect dryness, and a comfortable bed of matting to sit upon. The other occupants of the house, excepting the many and constant visitors, were a middle-aged man, with his hair *en chignon*, his wife, suckling a baby, whose forehead was ornamented with a band of scarlet pigment, and an old man, who might have been a poor broken-down uncle of the family. There is a wood fire in the middle of the floor, and its smoke is very disagreeable. The house is clean and tidy, and round the walls are ranged many neatly-made articles. Long pipes with little bowls, a clarinet, a white mug (these two last presents from the white men), a native guitar, a collection of skilfully-made little pouches of goat-skin containing I know not what, hippopotamus harpoons, fishing nets, horns, and a multitude of odds and ends, only to be classed under that convenient term *et cetera*. I opened my case of provisions, laid the cloth on the bed, and sat down to my frugal repast with considerable appetite. All this time visitors are flocking in; many children, some of them pretty little things, have made friends with me, and are wonder-stricken at my ticking watch.

The hospitable natives (so *very* unfriendly to all Europeans, I was told) would not hear of my leaving Kinshasha in the drizzling rain, but gave me a large and dry house all to myself to pass the night in,



The Island at Kinshasha

sending me, moreover, magnificent freshly-caught fish as a contribution to my dinner. They would also have liked to wind up the evening with a *conversazione*, and were strolling into my lodging with that intent, the men all carrying with them freshly-lit pipes, but seeing I was tired and inclined for solitude, with many protestations of friendship and good will, all embodied in that expressive word "Mboté," they left me to the dinner and the novel Faraji had just placed on a large chest which served me as a table.

The next morning I left my Kinshasha friends, and again pursued my journey across the wide waters of the Pool, which now began to open out into all its magnificent breadth. There were numberless islands on which the Hyphæne palms were growing. These palms are extremely beautiful and symmetrical in shape, and the hanging clusters of fruit are bright orange. The vegetation that clothed the shores of these islands was very rich and pleasing in colour. It was brightened with masses of yellow flowers, lilac-coloured *papilionaceæ*, and mauve convolvuluses. The beautiful scarlet seed-vessels of a sort of bean formed blazing clusters of gorgeous effect amid the tender green foliage. On the many snags that reared their withered branches over the rushing stream, many little birds have, for safety's sake, hung their pendent nests of grass, and there is a continual twittering and fluttering of dainty forms round the gnarled old trunks and whitened twigs. We saw many herds of hippopotami this morning, nine or ten animals going together. They approached the boat with a boldness and confidence that showed they had been little persecuted by white men. However, the natives here hunt them assiduously with the harpoon. Indeed, in one creek, where the hippopotami were indulging in their uncouthest gambols, were a group of men, some twenty yards from their prey, actively preparing for the chase.

The grey parrot swarms in really amazing quantities about the islands of Stanley Pool. As you pass under the pendent tree-boughs which overhang their shores, you see the grey parrots swarming amid the maze of branches above you. Flocks of them fly across the water, alternately screeching and whistling melodiously. I have seen it erroneously stated that the grey parrot never whistles in a wild state; on the contrary, it does so very sweetly, and with a great variety of note.

The "Dover Cliffs" come into sight towards the further end of the Pool, their white sides glistening in the sun. The banks here begin to be festooned with a curious species of palm, apparently a climber. The fronds are prolonged into a long bare stalk, curiously notched.

(To be continued)

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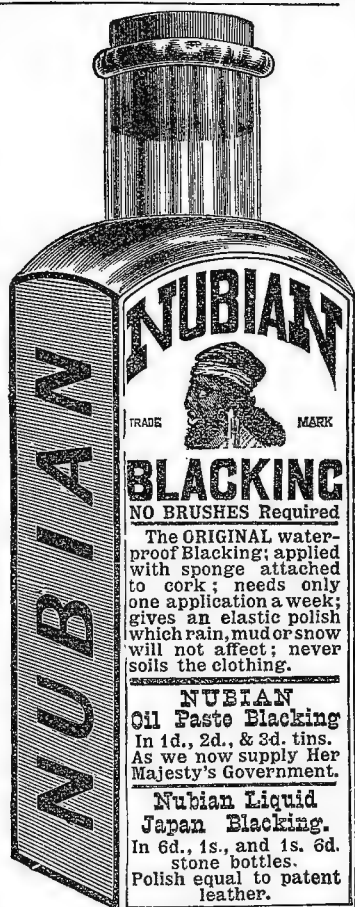
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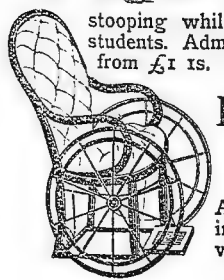
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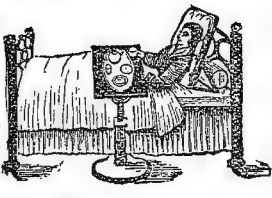
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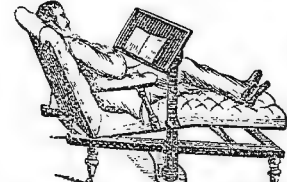
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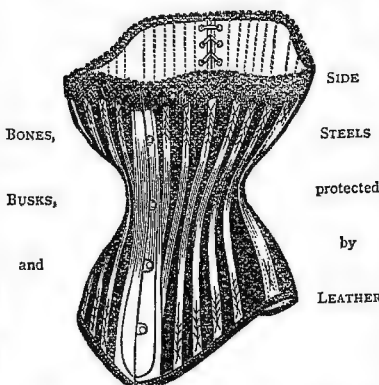
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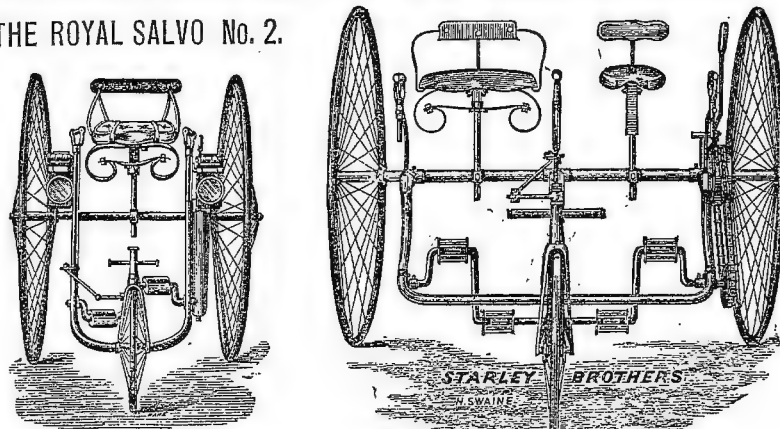
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THE APPROVED SPECIFIC for Curing Colds, Catarrhs, and Affections of the Respiratory Organs.

GLYKALINE effectually relieves Disorders of the Mucous Membrane, so prevalent in winter, cleanses the bronchial tubes from Mucus, and relieves the breathing. By its use Colds are cured in a few hours. GLYKALINE is an unprecedented remedy in these complaints.

INDEPENDENT TESTIMONIAL to GLYKALINE.

"TALON ROUGE," writing in *Vanity Fair*, under date March 17, 1877, says: "This medicine has the valuable property of curing cold in the head. The man who has discovered a sure remedy for this plague ought to be ranked among the benefactors of the human race. The other morning I awoke with the feeling of a general oppression, the certain precursor of a catarrh. I sped to the nearest chemist's, and found the longed-for remedy. BEFORE NIGHT I WAS CURED. It is a colourless, tasteless fluid, called GLYKALINE. The unsolicited correspondent of *Vanity Fair* bears testimony that three drops of the Specific, taken at intervals of an hour, will certainly cure the most obstinate of colds. He writes disinterestedly, 'desiring,' as he says, 'only to make known the healing properties of GLYKALINE, and so to confer a boon on the suffering human race.'"

GLYKALINE is the surest and speediest Remedy for relieving all who suffer from obstructed breathing. In bottles, 1s. 1/2d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. By post, 1s. 3d. and 3s. Sold by all Chemists. Full directions with each bottle.

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THE APPROVED SPECIFIC for Curing and instantly relieving Toothache, Neuralgia, and Pains in the Nerves.

NEURALINE is known as a reliable specific in cases of Rheumatism, Gout, and Sciatica. It relieves often INSTANTANEOUSLY, and will be found invaluable to all who are afflicted with these disorders.

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ROSENG v. ATKINSON.—In the above Action the Honourable Mr. Justice Chitty, on the 10th July, 1883, ordered and adjudged that the Defendants (Messrs. J. and E. ATKINSON), their servants and agents, be perpetually restrained from infringing the Plaintiff's Registered Trade Mark.
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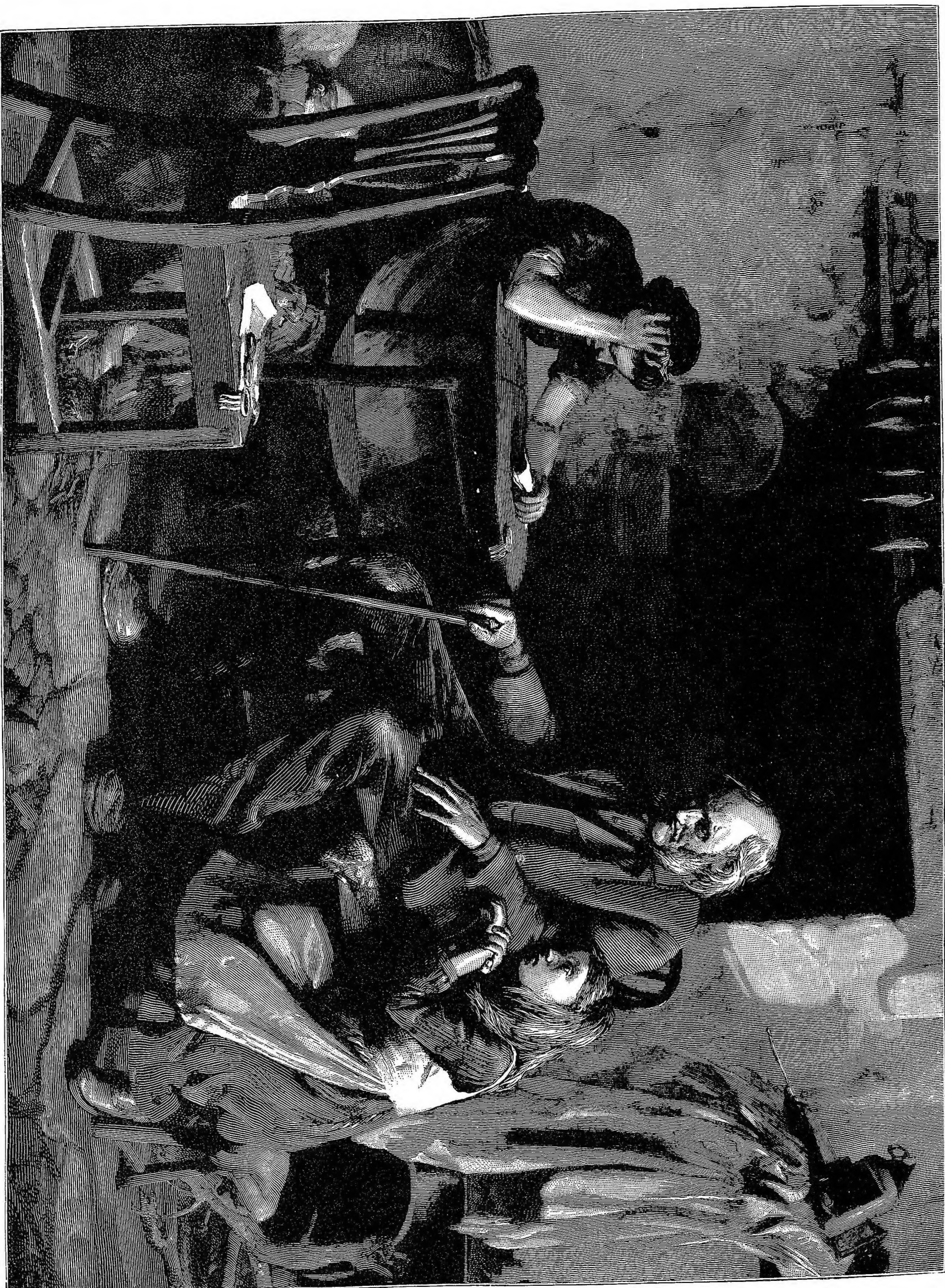
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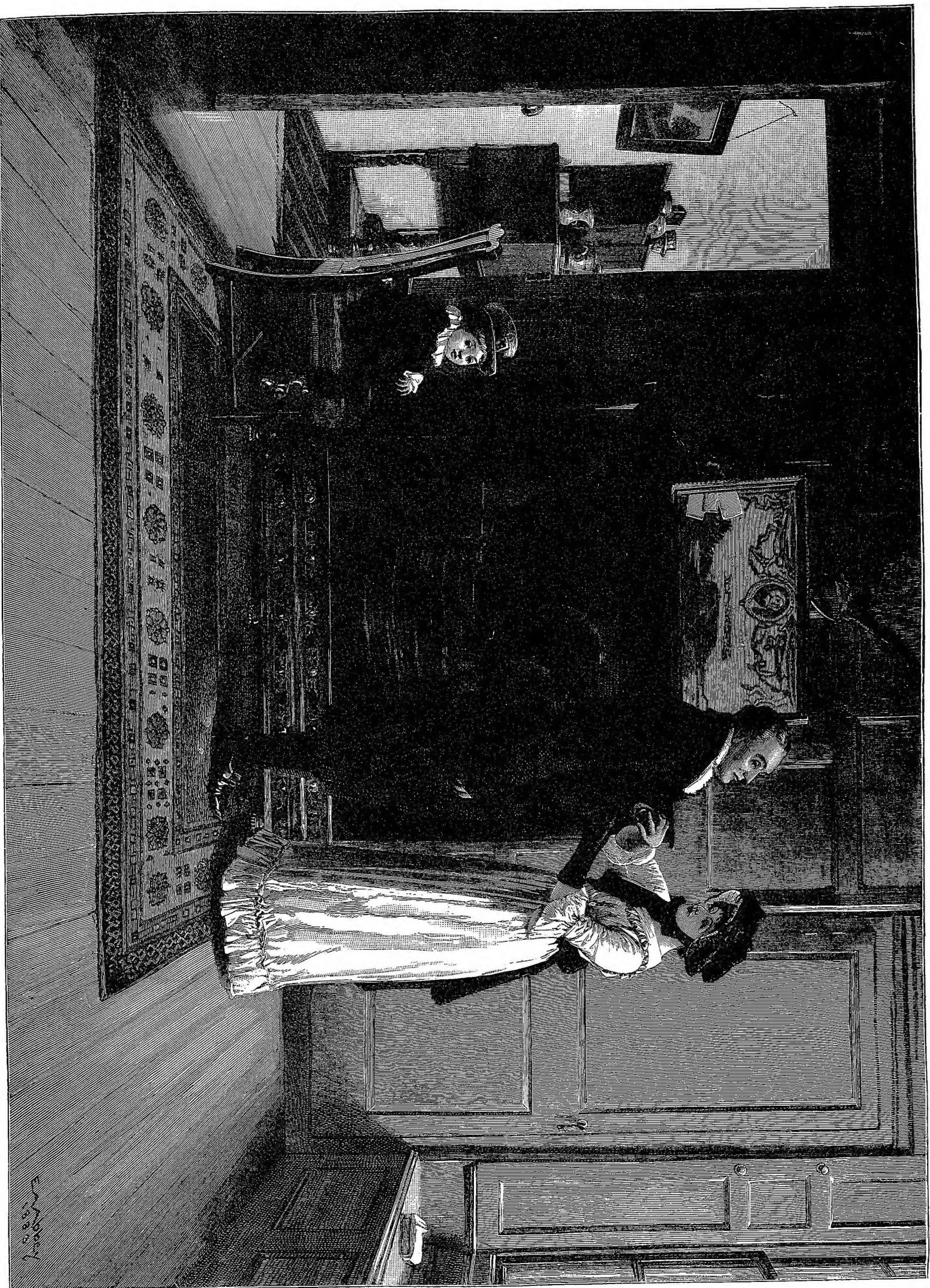
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